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MAY;

OR,

GRANDPAPA'S PET.

BY

MRS. F. B. SMITH,

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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.
MAY AND HER GRANDPAPA, ... 5

CHAPTER II.
BLACKBERRYING, ... 22

CHAPTER III.
THE COUSIN'S VISIT, ... 35

CHAPTER IV.
GRANDPAPA'S LESSION, ... 46

CHAPTER V.
DINNER AT GRANDPAPA'S, ... 58

CHAPTER VI.
THE LUMBER-YARD, ... 66

CHAPTER VII.
THE CHICKEN'S FUNERAL, ... 76

CHAPTER VIII.
THE CHILDREN'S PURCHASES, ... 86

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CHAPTER IX.

OLD ROAN, ... 91

CHAPTER X.

GRANDMAMMA'S TALK. 97

CHAPTER XI.

ROB, ... 105

CHAPTER XII.

LORD'S DAY MORNING, ... 112

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL, ... 121

CHAPTER XIV.

THE HOUSE OF GOD, ... 125

CHAPTER XV.

HELPING DORCAS, ... 138

CHAPTER XVI.

VISIT TO SALLY FAGAN, ... 150

CHAPTER XVII.

GRANDPAPA'S SICKNESS, ... 159

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE WALK TO THE HILL, ... 167

MAY.

CHAPTER I.

MAY AND HER GRANDPAPA.

"COME?"

"Yes, indeed, grandpapa!"

"Well, run, get your bonnet." Little May gave a hop skip and jump up the portico steps, through the long north entry to the kitchen.

"Please reach it for me," she said to Dorcas, as she pointed to the clean, white sun-bonnet that hung upon a high nail.

Dorcas was baking. She stood by the table rolling dough, and cutting long narrow strips, which she twisted and put together and laid aside to fry.

She was half Indian, and was queenly in her figure. May thought her splendid in

her clean print gown and checked apron, and her head covered with a bright kerchief, tastefully arranged turban fashion.

"Making doughnuts, eh? I believe I'd almost rather stay and help you," said May, thinking of the good times she had often had, when Dorcas allowed her to bring her little rolling-pin, and occupy one corner of the table.

"Another day,—grandpa's waiting now," said Dorcas, handing the child's bonnet as she heard a call from the north door. "Somebody's sick, you know, and 'twont do to loiter."

May only stopped to kiss her grandmother good-bye, as she sat sewing in the west parlor, and to let her know where she was going.

"Grandpapa" was the village doctor. He carried a blessing every where. Even when God denied healing through his

means, the people felt that all that human skill could do had been done, and they bowed to the Almighty will, and still blessed the kind hand that had so faithfully ministered to the sick and dying.

May got into the old-fashioned chaise that stood by her grandfather's gate. The square medicine trunk was on the seat, but grandpapa put it down at his feet, to make room.

Roan pricked up his ears, and started off at a brisk pace. He was a spotted bay.

"Whoa! I've forgotten my specs," said the doctor. "They're on the entry table; can you hold the horse while I get them?"

"Let me go; I'll be back in half a minute," and before grandpapa had time to wink, almost, the little girl was out and back again with the silver-bowed glasses in her hand.

"That's what comes of having a dear little maid to wait on me," said the doctor.

"'Tis a great saving to my old limbs; now, Roan, get up!"

"How fat he is, grandpapa."

"Yes, he feels his oats, too, this morning, and is brisk, for a wonder. Roan is getting old like his master; he can not do such active service as he used to."

May looked up at the fresh face beside her. It did not seem old to her. There was not a wrinkle upon the brow, and the cheeks were ruddy and the eyes sparkling. A life of temperance and cheerfulness had preserved it from furrows, and other marks of decay. "I hope I'll be old, too, one of these days," she said.

"Better put it off as long as you can; it will come soon enough. Little children are nearest God and heaven."

May did not answer at once, she seemed to be thinking; then she said, "Old people are the nearest, 'cause its almost time for them to die."

Grandpapa whipped up the horse; he did not quite like the suggestion. He was not ready for such an event as death. Although he had seen so many breathe their last, he thought very little of his own time to come.

"Where are we going?" asked May.

"Down to the Pines, *I'm* going. I think I'll leave you at the old Glebe, to amuse yourself till I come for you. You can go black-berrying, if you like."

The child was accustomed to driving about the country with her grandfather. She didn't mind being dropped here and there at his convenience. She always managed to have such nice times, that his absence seemed short.

This July day was very warm; but the air fanned little May pleasantly as the chaise moved on, and she did not mind the heat. The farmers were making hay, all along the road. Some were tossing

the newly-mown with pitchforks, others were loading the wagons with the dried grass, and others were upon the up-heaped carts, going towards the barn. What a busy time it was for the men, and for the oxen!

May liked to see the great, patient animals that yield so submissively to the yoke, and are such helpers in this work-a-day world.

Grandpapa pointed out to her with his whip every thing of interest that he observed, — that was all the use he had for the whip; he was too tender of Roan to touch him with it, except to dislodge some tormenting fly from his back or ears. Roan went well enough without any spurring other than the gentle "Come, old fellow! we must jog on a little faster."

The human voice has great power over a horse. The animal seems to understand a tone as well as people do.

May's eyes were open to all beautiful things in nature. She noticed the flowers by the wayside that never "waste their sweetness," because the bees and the butterflies sip of their nectar, and the poor, who have no cultivated gardens, enjoy this free garden of the Lord. The little birds charmed her by their wild melody. The squirrels ran nimbly across the road, just before the horses' feet, or sat upon a stone-wall, or a wooden fence, to look at the famous spotted animal that had passed them so often. They held their bushy tails in the air, as if they were waving plumes, to do honor to the good doctor whose face the squirrels had come to know.

"It's such a nice ride, isn't it, grandpapa?"

Little May was very happy. Only one thing she missed.

"I wish Rob were here," she said.

Rob was her brother, and quite a pet,

though two years older, and always a genial, pleasant companion.

"There is room enough, but I hadn't the time to go for him," said grandpapa.

"It is but a short distance to father's." The little girl was visiting grandpapa's.

"But you're good enough company," said May, thinking perhaps her grandpapa might feel that she didn't appreciate him.

"Thank you. We are almost at the Glebe. I'll take you into the house and introduce you to Mrs. Matson, and you must try to content yourself till I get back. It will be a long time; at least two or three hours."

They drove up to some high, stone steps, and getting from the chaise ascended them. There was an embankment above an embankment, with steps leading to each level, and then a broad, low farmhouse.

"Your father and mother lived here before you were born," said the doctor to May.

The child looked about her. It was such a lonely old place, but for the bright hollyhocks that lined the walk to the front door, and other gay flowers that took from the dreariness.

"I am glad they don't live here now," said May.

"Can you be happy here for a few hours?"

"Oh yes; longer than that. I want to see where my father and mother lived. I am not sorry to stop for a little while; but I shouldn't like to have you forget me, and leave me here all night."

"Forget you!" said grandpapa; "that would not be such an easy matter."

The little girl smiled. "I don't believe you could very well, grandpapa."

The doctor opened the door; he did not wait to knock. It would have been

strange for him to use that ceremony in the country, where every door was as his own familiar one to him. Even the house-dog came wagging his tail, instead of barking as he entered.

"I don't like the dog," said May; "he's good enough, I s'pose, but he looks dirty."

The creature was covered with leprous-looking sores, and grandpapa sent him away. A deaf old man, and a deaf old woman, shuffled forward to meet their guests. May shrank from them for a second, but remembered that her grandfather would not leave her with unworthy people, and she put her hand frankly into each old, withered palm. Every body likes confidence and trustfulness. There is nothing equal to them to draw one's heart out favorably towards us. The old people were at once pleased with little May.

"Will it trouble you to take care of her for me for a few hours?" asked the doctor.

"Not a bit!" they both said earnestly.

"I thought perhaps you would show her the blackberry fields, and lend her a tin pail to fill for her grandmother. We don't have such famous berries near home as you do about here."

"I'll go with her," said the old woman. "We must give her something to eat first. It is a long ride from Wickdale, and little people are always hungry."

"Well, good-bye; I must be off, or my patient will get well before I see him. Give me a kiss, daughter."

May put her arms tightly about her grandfather's neck, and kissed him two or three times.

"He is such a good grandpapa!" she said, as she and her new friends stood in the door, and watched him going down the walk to his carriage. She felt a cer-

tain sense of loneliness as he drove away and left her in that strange house with the deaf old people ; but then she recollected "Mamma and papa used to live here, and it will be something to tell them, that I have been in their old home."

So she began to look about her a little, to see what she could lay up in her mind to tell mamma when she should see her.

It was a barren place enough. The floors were uncarpeted, and the rooms very scant of furniture, and the old folks were shabbily dressed. "They must be very poor," May thought. She pitied them for the absence of every thing that makes a house home-like. Grandmamma had such a happy faculty of giving an air of real comfort to a place, that she could not be long in a barn, or a hovel, and not transform it into a pleasant, agreeable home. May often thought grandmam-

ma's fingers were like fairy fingers, making every thing they touched beautiful.

There was nothing fairy-like in old Mrs. Matson or her house. Her thin, wrinkled figure looked thinner still in the scanty stuff gown. There was a black half-handkerchief tied over her gray hair, and she wore carpet slippers and no stockings. Her husband was dressed in blue-gray pantaloons, and a blue checked shirt, without a coat or vest.

The man and the woman and the dog altogether made rather a sad picture for the little, bright eyes that were searching for something pretty to carry home to mother. But there was a cheery sound in Mrs. Matson's voice, as she said, "I'll get you something to eat this minute, little dear. We've had our meal just before you came. Mr. Matson was in a hurry to get to his hay-making. There's something

left for you, though. Do you like custard-pie?"

May said, "Yes," and the old woman brought a piece on a large plate, with some bread.

"The pie's made of quails' eggs," she said. "Our hens don't lay very well, but we have plenty of quails' eggs."

"Let me see one, please," said May. "The pie's good. Are they as nice as hens' eggs?"

"Not quite, but we're very glad to get 'em for lack of something better. When the good Lord doesn't send the best, he sends something that'll answer, and it's a poor heart that is not thankful for whatever he gives, unworthy as we are of the least of his mercies."

May felt safe and happy in the old house, now that her hostess had spoken of a kind heavenly Father as if she loved him, and trusted in him.

May took the pretty, small, pure white egg in her hand, as the old woman brought her one.

"Shall I have it to take home with me?" she asked.

"If you like. I'll give you more than one,—a basket-full, we have such quantities. The quails lay fifteen or twenty before they set. We find nests full all about on the ground, and in the thick tufts of grass."

"Is the quail pretty?" asked May.

"I think so. The Master has given it beautiful feathers. I'll show you;—there's a stuffed one in the other room."

"Is this what used to be mother's parlor?"

"I don't know, dearie, I s'pose so. It's ours."

There was not much more in it to make it pleasant than in the other apartment, excepting that the broad fire-place was filled with fresh asparagus branches, and a

bright "fly-catcher" of colored paper hung in the center of the cross beams that were in the ceiling; and the stuffed quail was upon the mantel-piece, as if to keep watch over the place.

The old woman took it down, and put it upon the table for May to examine. It was about nine inches long, and had a black bill, and a line over the eye, down the neck and chin, of pure white, bordered by a band of black, which descended and formed a crescent on the throat. The eyes were dark hazel. The crown, neck, and upper part of the breast a reddish brown; the sides of the neck a reddish brown, spotted with white and black; the back and shoulders a reddish brown mixed with ash, and marked with black; the wings plain and dusky; the lower part of the breast and belly whitish, marked with black arrow-heads, and the tail ash, spotted with reddish brown.

"He is pretty," said May. "Is he good to eat?"

"Excellent! We make many a meal from these birds. You see we haven't much other meat, and so God sends us this. The hens and the quails make good living."

May finished her bread and pie, and took one more look at the feathered creature, before Mrs. Matson put it back upon its high perch.

CHAPTER II.

BLACKBERRYING.

"I'LL get a pail now, and we'll go for the berries," said the old woman. "The sun's hot, but there's breeze enough to temper it."

May could not help noticing how Mrs. Matson seemed to see and feel the best side of every thing. She knew very well that some natures look always at the worst, and fret constantly over ills, when, if they would, they could find the good, and let it overbalance the evil. "I have found something beautiful to carry home with me," she thought. "Such a happy disposition is worth more than fine furni-

ture in a house. It doesn't look so bare and lonely here as it did at first."

The old people *were* very poor indeed, as the world estimates wealth. The farm lands had run to barrenness from want of enriching, and they only contrived to scrape enough together to give them a scanty subsistence. Besides, they had passed the vigor of their youth, and were not able to dig and delve, and so dragged on, as best they could, content with mere shelter and food.

May could see poverty written every where, and it made her little heart sad. Children like lavishness of living. They take the whole world as their own, until they come to such an age as begins to see boundaries and limits and fixed landmarks. This was one of May's first experiences of want.

The old woman was washing when the

doctor appeared at the door with his little grandaughter.

She put her tubs away, and with a royal hospitality gave herself wholly to the entertainment of her guest.

They went out together, leaving the dog lying in the wide, open door. No need of bolts and bars in that house. There was nothing to tempt a robber, and it was so solitary a place that few stragglers ever passed. The bees were buzzing in the hollyhocks. They made pleasant music.

"I'll give you some gooseberries when we come back; see what large ones!" said Mrs. Matson, as they went down the walk.

"As big as the gooseberry-balls at the candy-store," said May. "I never saw larger; they're elegant!"

They passed Mr. Matson in the hayfield, across the road from the house. He

was alone, raking up the crisp grass into little mounds. There was a wheelbarrow near, in which he brought his hay to the barn. There was but one cow to eat it now. She was enough for their need. She gave them milk in plenty for their butter.

"Would you like a ride?" asked the old man, putting some fresh hay in the bottom of the barrow for May.

"Oh, yes!" and the little girl seated herself on the sweet cushion, and was trundled along, till her carriage was stopped by a stone wall.

"The berries are over here," said Mr. Matson. "There are acres upon acres of them."

"Thank you for my ride," said May. "I like it even better than grandpapa's old chaise."

Mr. Matson smiled. "That's because it's something new," he said. "If I am

here when you come, I'll take you and your berries to the house."

"That'll be grand," said May.

He lifted her over the low wall, and took the stones down to let his wife through, putting them up again in a minute, for they were small, picked up about the place. It was such rocky, stony land, that it was no wonder the soil was poor.

The ground beyond the wall was covered with vines, black with the luscious fruit large and dripping with rich juice.

"I never saw such blackberries," said May. "We shall fill our kettle in a minute."

The old woman stooped and picked as diligently as could be, and her hands and May's were stained with the red juice, and the briers clung to their dresses, and scratched the poor old stockingless legs. May did not feel the brambles, for her boots were high, and her stockings were a

good protection. She did not dare to say any thing about the wounds her kind friend was getting, for that would show her that she noticed her poverty; but she made haste to fill the pail, so as to get out of the field as quick as she could.

The old man was waiting for them when they came to the wall with their treasure of fruit, and it was quite comical to hear the child insist upon the old woman's riding while she walked by her side. She did look very tired, and her husband, with a funny twinkle of the eye, joined May, and got the old woman into the wheelbarrow.

Grandpapa appeared in sight just as the little party were coming toward the house, and he was fairly convulsed with laughter; but he suppressed it as well as he could, and alighted from his chaise, and ran to help Mrs. Matson and May over the other wall.

The old woman got a sly chance to say,

"I knew it would please the little girl, and it was really a great lift for me. I'm not so young as I used to be, doctor; but I have strength enough for my day, I reckon."

Grandpapa had brought some fresh loaves of baker's bread, and some smoked salmon from the Pier, under pretense that he wanted some for himself, but really that he might be sure of giving a treat to these poor people. He left half, and took the rest to the carriage, and when the blackberries and the gooseberries and the quails' eggs were stowed away in the box under the seat, he and May drove off, shaking their hands at the good old people until they were quite out of sight.

May was thoughtful.

"Have you had a good time?" asked the doctor, scanning her little, quiet face curiously, to see what impression her visit had made.

"Ye—s, grandpapa."

"Not a very hearty *yes*. I'm afraid it was dull for you, daughter."

"It is hard to be old and poor, isn't it, grandpapa?"

"I should think so."

"But then ——"

The little girl did not finish her sentence.

"Did you find any thing to relieve it there, at the old place? Any thing to make it seem less hard than you at first thought?"

"Yes, grandpapa."

"What?"

"Oh, I think Mrs. Matson didn't seem to feel so poor as I should if I lived there; she made the best of every thing."

"That's the true philosophy," said grandpapa, as if to himself.

His view of the case did not satisfy the child. She had come to a deeper sense of the thing.

"Isn't it religion, grandpapa?"

The doctor looked at the child with surprise. Twice already during this drive, her little grave remarks had touched his inmost soul. Old people were nearer heaven than children, because it was almost time for them to die, and it was religion that enabled one to bear with patience and cheerfulness all the ills and vexations of this life. Had any philosopher ever advanced such sentiments as these! Grandpapa forgot little May's presence for a while, and fell to pondering what she had said. *He* was very old, between seventy and eighty. Was he near to heaven, or near to the grave without this other nearness? That would be dreadful! It made him uncomfortable to think of it.

And was there any mere worldly philosophy that could help him when illness should try his utmost patience, and the open tomb should be close before him?

"Who's sick at the Pier?" asked May, abruptly, little conscious of what was passing in her grandfather's mind.

"Old Mr. Peters."

"*Very* old?"

"About sixty-five."

The doctor's own words impressed him strangely and forcibly, — sixty-five, so much younger than himself, and yet he had said, "*old* Mr. Peters."

"Must he die?"

"I think so."

"Is he afraid?"

The child looked up so earnestly to get the answer to this question!

"Afraid of what?"

"Why, I thought maybe he had not loved God, and had not obeyed him, and so would dread to meet him. You know, grandpapa, that I do not like to meet papa when I have done any thing that he has forbidden me to do. It is like that, isn't it?"

Children make strange appeals to us older people, — appeals that we can not always meet with composure.

Grandpapa, however, was very glad to be able to say, "I do not think Mr. Peters is afraid to die; I believe he is a good man, and has tried to do his duty."

"I'm glad!" said May.

She gave such a little sigh of relief, as if the matter was settled to her satisfaction, and then turned her attention wholly to the things about her.

It was late in the afternoon, and the clouds were piling up dark, with silver edges that betokened a thunder storm. Here and there a deep blue patch showed between, but gradually all was being obscured.

"You shall reach home before the rain falls," said the doctor.

The thunder rumbled. "I don't mind it," said May. "I love to hear it. Mother

says it is the voice of God. When I have been naughty, then I am afraid of the thunder, as Adam was afraid of God's voice in the garden when he had done wrong, — remember, grandpapa?"

The doctor touched Roan gently with the end of the whip. "We must get up, old fellow," he said. "Grandmamma will be worried about May if she isn't under shelter soon; that sun-bonnet is a very slight protection."

Just as the old chaise-box was emptied of its contents, and Roan was in his stable, and grandpapa and May were safely housed, the heavens opened, and torrents of rain poured down upon the thirsty earth.

"I've had a happy day," said May, as her grandmother folded her in loving arms; "but I'm so glad to get home again. It isn't like this home, at the Glebe."

"No little girl there, I suppose," said

grandmamma. "That would spoil it for me; I've missed a little girl very much to-day."

"And I've missed my grandmother more than very much," said May.

CHAPTER III.

THE COUSIN'S VISIT.

ROB had come to spend the day. It was Saturday, the day following May's visit to the Glebe. Three little cousins came also. It was a gala time for the children. They had the range of the house and of the gardens, south, east and west. Such fun everywhere. Lily Kent, and Ruth Rice were the cousins.

It was about ten o'clock, and the sun was too hot to play out of doors just yet.

"Let us go up to the garret," said May. "There are the swings, you know. There's always a breeze when we are swinging."

Grandmamma called them into the din-

ing-room. "I've something nice for you," she said.

They knew what that meant. It wasn't the first time in their lives. Every Sunday they had some such experience. Their little feet were nimble to obey.

Grandmamma broke a large, light cake into pieces, and gave it to them. It was almost fresh from the oven, and scarcely cool.

"I don't suppose it is quite as healthful as if it were a day old," she said, "but children have so much exercise their digestive powers are not easily injured. It isn't so much what people eat that hurts them, as the lazy life that many of them lead. Now run."

How cool and pleasant grandmamma looked, in her purple muslin and nice white cap! She was such a perfect old lady, — that was what the children thought, and they loved to take refuge

with her when tired, heated, or troubled. It did not matter what was the cause of worriment, under grandmamma's wing were rest and peace. There are some people who have this influence, but the instances are rare.

This good grandmother had so many resources when the inventions of the little folks failed them. She knew how to set their tiny faculties at work, so that they could feel that they were doing something, and not that they were mere puppets whose wires she was pulling.

"When you have nothing better to amuse you, come to me, little dears," she said, "and I'll see what I can find."

"Yes, grandmamma," and away they went, up, and up. Only two flights in the country before the top is reached!

That makes me think, — Are our every-day home-lives in the country nearer to the celestial hights than in the city? I

believe we *do* have to overcome more that is material and earthy in our pinched city existence before we can ascend and look from an open roof into God's beautiful heavens.

The sky-light was raised in grandmamma's attic, and the sun streamed in and played upon the floor. Kent perched himself upon the topmost stair of the short flight that led to the scuttle.

"Take care!" said May. "You're such a little boy, and it isn't quite safe for you to be there alone."

"Come down, and I'll swing you," said his sister Lily.

"It is prettier here. I want to see all over the village;" and he stood and bobbed his little round head above the edge of the oblong opening.

"I'll stay with him till he is satisfied," said Lily, whispering to May. "He doesn't like one thing long at a time, and

will get tired in a minute if we don't insist upon his coming down. Just as sure as we tease him to come, just so sure will he want to stay up there."

"Isn't it queer?" said May. "I always feel that way myself."

"And I, too," said Lily.

"And I," said Ruth.

I do not believe that little children are singular in this disposition. I think many grown people show the same obstinacy. We are all of us but older children, and it is well for us that we have an all-wise Parent, whose will we *must* obey, if we would have real comfort and joy.

"Isn't it buful up here?" said Kent, as Lily put her arm around him to hold him steadily upon his feet.

"Where's Rob?" called May. "Oh! I know; he's in Tom's room, rummaging the old sea-chest." That brought Kent down, and they all went into the inner

room, in which was a strong smell of tar.

"It's like being in a ship," said Ruth.

Rob pulled some bits of rope from a corner of a large, wooden chest. "This is full of it," he said; "only smell!" And each one of them took a sniff.

"It carries me over the sea," said May. "I wonder where Tom is! It is splendid to have him at home winters! He tells such long 'yarns,' as he calls his sea-stories."

Tom was Dorcas' only son, and grandmamma had taken him to live with her when he was a mere lad, but he wanted to go to the fishing-banks in the season, and so she had him only now and then at home. He was cook on board the vessel, and nobody's chowders and clam-fritters tasted like those the sailor-boy made when he came for his short sojourn on land. The children were delighted whenever

they heard the quick step coming round to the south door, and could see Tom's face peeping in upon them.

Kent put his fat hands into the chest, and began to dive about among the sailor's relics.

"Take care! There are fish-hooks close to Kent's fingers. Better take him away, Lily."

"Don't you think we had better let Tom's things alone?" said May. To be sure there is nothing but old, tarred ropes, and fishing-tackle, and pipes, and a few such things there, but then he prizes them."

"Oh, yes! Here are little covered rings, and needle-boxes, and a good many other knick-knacks. I like to look at them," said Rob.

"Well, put them all back where you found them, and he won't mind your touching them."

"I want to play keeping house," said Ruth. "My dolly's tired of roving about with no home. I'll choose this place by the window."

"And I this," said Lily, "beside the chimney; I can cook better."

May thought she had rather be grandmother, and Rob grandfather, with a place for the rest of the children to visit on Saturday; and Kent was to be Lily's little boy. So it was nicely arranged, and the different houses went up like magic, and were furnished with the articles from under the eaves. Many an old chair and table and cricket figured in the new parlors where the little housewives sat in their matronly dignity.

"What are you doing up there, children?"

The young people started for the head of the stairs, but before they could reach it grandpapa was half way up, eating his

portion of the cake that had been broken.

"Will you play with us, grandpapa?" asked Kent.

"For a minute; while Roan swallows his hay. Miss Hitt is very sick, and has sent for me, so I must not wait long."

A minute from an old person is a great pleasure to little people. It counts so much more than the time of young playmates.

"I'll swing you," said Rob, as grandpapa seated himself with Kent on one knee, and Ruth on the other. "It is lucky the rope is good and strong."

Ruth hugged her grandfather so tightly that she almost choked him, and he was forced to beg off soon, and go visiting instead of swinging.

"Come to my house."

"And to mine."

"And mine."

The little voices besieged him, and the little hands held him captive.

"Will you be content if I give just a peep at each home?"

"Yes, grandpapa."

"Well, you must go to your houses, then. Of course I can't get in if you are not there."

So there was a scampering to get home and be in state for their guest; and a starched and formal time the doctor made of these calls, quite unlike his free manner in visiting those under his care.

It would have been strange if he left no blessing. This time it was in the shape of a silver coin, placed in each little palm as he uttered the mystic words, "Open your mouth and shut your eyes," and when the eyes opened again, there was a great shout of joy from all the voices.

After this they could not let him go alone, but accompanied him down-stairs,

a "guard of honor" they said, and went with him to the barn to get Roan.

The hay was sweet in the loft, and there was a hen's nest in an unused manger, with two or three eggs in it, and four little kittens in the chaise-house, two white, and two black with white marks upon them. So many things to make the children happy!

Rob helped to saddle Roan, and led him round to the store door, the whole procession following at his heels.

CHAPTER IV.

GRANDPAPA'S LESSON.

THE store was across the street from the house, and was the place where grandpapa kept drugs and compounded his medicines; for his was very different from a city practice, where a doctor writes his prescription on a slip of paper, and sends to an apothecary for it to be supplied.

There was the oblong trunk filled with bottles and powders. This was for the old chaise; but now that the doctor was to go on horse-back, he had another contrivance.

"What's that?" asked Kent, as the doctor brought out a strange-looking

leathern apparatus, and slung it over the saddle.

Kent and his sister were city-bred, and had never seen this sort of a contrivance.

"Saddle-bags; don't you know?" said May.

"But what are they for?" asked Ruth. "What queer-looking things they are!"

"Grandpapa says they are to carry babies in, sometimes," said May "and when there are no babies, why, he fills them with medicine."

The doctor was fumbling in a drawer behind the counter just then, and lost the conversation.

"Like liquorice?" he asked, handing each of the little people a stick.

"I'd rather have ball, if you please," said May.

Grandpapa would have given the children a piece of his nose, if they had asked for it, and it had been a feasible thing; he

loved so much to wait on them, and gratify them. To be sure the giving stick or ball-liquorice was not very much, but he would have done great things just as readily.

"When I come back," he said, "I shall expect you to tell me what the difference is between the two kinds of liquorice that I have given you. I shall be gone an hour; for Miss Hitt's is only a mile away. Get up, Roan."

"Grandmamma is coming; let us ask her," said May, as the dear, old figure emerged from the house door, and made its way over to the store.

"It is nice and cool here," she said, sitting between Kent and Lily upon the brown, wooden settle that had been there since the year one, I should think.

"You are wise little people to keep under shelter till the scorching heat is over."

"And we want to be wiser, grandmamma," said Rob. "Grandpapa has been putting lessons to us in our playtime, and we can't do them without your help."

"What is it?" asked grandmamma.

"Liquorice; liquorice ball, and stick," said the many voices.

"Oh! you want to know about them. That is like grandpapa, to wish to teach you something. 'Tis a way he had with his own children. They must always know about the things that they handled."

She took a piece of each sort in her hand, — the one black and solid, the other a yellowish brown, and fibrous, or stringy, so that it could be pulled apart in threads.

"You don't know where it grows, I suppose?"

"We know nothing about it, grandmamma, except that it is very good," said Rob.

"Have we any growing in our country?" said May.

"In North America there is one kind. There are six or seven other species that belong to the northern and temperate parts of the eastern continent. The leaves are pinnated ——"

"What's that?"

"Like wings," said grandmamma; "and the flowers are small; some blue, some violet, and some white. The roots are very sweet. This is the root I have in my hand," and she showed them the fibrous bit.

The common liquorice grows wild in the south of Europe; and in many places people cultivate it for the sake of the root, which is sold sometimes in its natural state, and often the extract of it. In Spain a great many tuns of the extract are annually sent to London and used by the brewers in making porter. Physicians

give it in their medicines for coughs, and lung complaints, and in all the European cities liquorice-water is sold as we sell lemonade. People esteem it a very refreshing beverage."

"Let us try it," said Rob, who wanted proof and illustration for every thing.

A pitcher of water and a tumbler were on the table, and Rob took out his jack-knife and cut a little piece from the ball. It was not exactly a ball, but a large roll. He stirred it in the water, and when it was pretty well colored he offered it to grandmamma to taste.

"Very good," she said.

May liked it "ever so much."

Lily puckered up her face; she never cared for sweets.

Ruth and Rob thought it excellent, and rejoiced that they had found it out; and little Kent smacked his lips, and said, "'licious!"

"Where does the liquorice grow in America?" asked May.

"On the plains of the Missouri, from St. Louis upwards; and it reaches even to the bounds of the Pacific ocean," said grandmamma. "It requires a deep, light and sandy soil in order to grow well. Your grandfather tried the experiment of cultivating it, and succeeded in making a a little grow upon his wood-lot, — one stunted plant."

"How do they get this hard, black substance?" asked Rob, tossing his ball in the air, and catching it again.

"They boil the extract, or juice, until it thickens and hardens."

"As one would boil cane-juice, or maple-sap for sugar, I suppose," said Rob.

"Exactly," said grandmamma.

"How many things grandpapa has in the drawers!" said May. "It is danger-

to come here often; we should have lessons all the time!"

"Don't you like to learn them?" asked grandmamma.

"Oh, yes; when we have so good a teacher; but when we go to the books, and puzzle out things alone, it is not quite so pleasant."

"What is learned in a difficult way, with some effort on your own part, you are more certain to remember; do you know that?"

"Yes, grandmamma."

"Well, now that you have learned the lesson that grandpapa set, I think Rob had better climb the cherry-tree and bring down something to reward and refresh you."

Rob was ready enough for that pleasure. He got out of the south window into the tree that was close by, touching the panes with its branches. The thick foliage shel-

tered him from the sun, and the large, red cherries hung temptingly about him.

"What beauties they are!" he exclaimed.

"Come round through the gate, and hold your aprons under the tree."

The children ran to get the cherries.

"The robins have pecked some of the best," said Rob, "but then they deserved them for keeping the worms off. Grandpapa says the birds do more good than harm."

"Give me some of the very nicest you can find, for grandmamma," said May.

"Such a comfort, to have so many dear little grandchildren to think of me!" said grandmamma, as the young folks gathered about her and heaped her lap with clusters of red and green.

Just at this moment old Roan came clattering up to the door, with soft, green branches of birch waving over his ears.

"The flies are so troublesome!" said grandpapa, as the children pressed about him. "The poor fellow was grateful enough when I gave him this adornment;" and the kind old gentleman took out the branches, and threw them into the middle of the street.

"Have you learned your lesson?" he asked, taking a survey of the merry little group.

"Yes, grandpapa; we know all about it."

"I can account for it," said he, catching a glimpse of another figure inside the store, seated upon the old settle. "Robbie, you lead Roan to the stable, and I'll be along in a minute to give him some water. There's hay enough left in the rack for him to nibble upon until his full meal-time comes again."

"How is Miss Hitt?" asked grandmamma, as the doctor brought his saddle-bags in, and put them upon the counter.

"Not much the matter, I should think. I caught sight of her climbing into the bedroom window as I approached the house."

"What could be her motive in pretending to be sick?"

"I don't know. Strange freaks possess some people. Doctors have to deal with singular specimens sometimes."

"Couldn't she get in through the house door?"

"Not quickly enough to escape me. It was laughable to see her covered up in bed, and waiting for me to feel her pulse and prescribe for her. I gave her two bitter pills, though, that will cure her of this sort of pastime."

"But she will throw them away."

"I made her swallow them while I sat by," said grandpapa.

"It seems to me as if there were real ills enough in life without feigning any," said grandmamma.

"Morbid people will take almost any means to create sympathy," said the doctor.

"What is morbid, grandpapa?" asked May, who had been listening attentively, while the other children went with Rob.

"Did you hear, puss? Why it means diseased, or really unsound; but we often say one is morbid when one has all sorts of whims and fancies about one's self."

"I was a little morbid, then, the other day, when I thought I was going to die because I had a gum-boil. Wasn't I, grandpapa?"

"Precisely so; but you are bravely over that;" and the doctor pinched and kissed the rosy cheeks that were full of life and health.

CHAPTER IV.

DINNER AT GRANDPAPA'S.

THE dinner was so nice! Grandpapa at the head of the table, and grandmamma at his right hand, and the little people all around, and queenly Dorcas in her turban standing near to help.

"Shem, *Ham*, and Japheth," said Rob, as he noticed the beautiful brown hip, with the pinches of pepper here and there, and the garniture of green parsley.

Lily looked reprovingly at him.

"Mamma says there is nothing that shows one's good or bad breeding like manners at table," she said, in a half whisper, as she sat next her brother.

Grandmamma encouraged the children

to talk about pleasant things. She always liked meal-time to be made a very genial, social occasion. "The act of eating is so animal," she said, "that we ought to season our food with sprightly conversation."

So the little people were full of lively chat, and the knives and forks kept time to the merry tongues.

Rob made no more remarks with regard to the dishes, except when dessert was brought on, and Dorcas's splendid apple-dumplings were served. The old negress showed her teeth for joy. She liked praise, as we all do; and besides, Master Rob was an especial favorite with her, since he was so frank and out-spoken.

The children all clung to Dorcas. She was one of the belongings of the old house. It would have not have seemed grandmamma's without her. How nice her kitchen was! No speck nor spot of dust

any where on wall or floor; no article out of place, to give an air of discomfort if any body looked about. The tables were as bright as soap and sand could make them; and even the wooden steps, leading from the south door to the yard, were scrubbed clean enough to eat off.

"Let us help Dorcas to clear the table," said Lily to May, as they arose from dinner.

Children like self-imposed tasks. If they set themselves to work, they feel independent and happy.

May took a japan tray, and placed the knives and forks upon it, and Lily gathered up the spoons in a tumbler. The children saved many steps for the old servant. Ruth got a small broom and dustpan and swept the few crumbs from under the table.

"Kent is growing very tidy," she said. "He doesn't drop his crumbs as he used to.'

The little fellow was delighted. "I try hard, sister," said he. "You see I'm a bigger boy than I was."

Lily put the leaves of the old-fashioned table down, and spread the woolen cloth upon it, and she and Ruth moved it to the wall, between the windows. Grandmamma looked on approvingly. She was glad to see this busy, helpful spirit in the little ones.

"Would you like to make pincushions while the sun is still hot?" she asked. "I am going to lie down for an hour. You can go to the garden when you please; but it is wiser to stay in the house and be quiet for a little while."

"Yes; let us sew on the cushions," said Ruth.

Grandmamma got the basket of flannels and ribbons and gay colored silks, and showed the children how to work. She set Rob and Kent rolling list, and pink-

ing flannel leaves. The list was put round and round a thimble as tight as possible until it formed a roll about twelve or fourteen inches in circumference. This was neatly covered with bright silk, and a piéce of pasteboard of the same size was also covered, and fastened with a bow of ribbon to the cushion at one point, and tied with ribbons at the opposite point. Between this lid and the cushion, the leaves of flannel were put for the needles, and the pins were stuck around the edges, while the thimble-nest was lined prettily.

May and Lily were quite expert at their needles and Ruth was improving very fast. Grandmamma said it was "such an accomplishment to be a good needle-woman, that no girl's education should be considered complete if she were not able to cut and make every sort of household garment, as well as to contrive many

a little, tasteful article for her work-box and for her toilet."

"If I could have grandmamma's fingers," said May, "I should feel proud enough! My fingers are so clumsy!—all thumbs when I want to do any thing especially nice."

Kent wound with all his might, and Lily slyly did his work over again. She wished him to feel that he was helping. "Dear little fellow!" she said aside to May. "He looks so satisfied when he hands me a roll that is all askew! I wouldn't trouble him for the world."

Grandmamma was asleep in the bedroom leading from the dining-room. The door was partly open; and before she fell into a doze the little voices came pleasantly to her ears. She recalled the time, long ago, when her motherly cares began to thicken around her, and her own little children made the days glad and merry

She thought of all the years wherein God had led her gently: helping her when she came to a steep that could not be otherwise overcome, and encouraging her when her heart and strength would have failed. Now she could lie quietly and listen to her children's children, and feel the confidence that the same Divine hand that had brought her so far safely on her way, would also guide them onward and upward till the end should be reached.

And so she fell asleep with this sweet trust in her heart. Of course her dreams were peaceful.

Little Kent's head drooped over his work, and Lily took him in her arms and laid him on the sofa. The young people kept very quiet, in order not to awaken him or grandmamma.

How drowsy the summer air was! The stillness affected the children almost like night-time. The tall clock in the corner

seemed to tick lazily; and the bees in the vines outside the windows hummed a sort of lullaby. Ruth was overcome, and dropped needle and thimble, and curled herself up in grandmamma's chair for a nap.

"We shall all be asleep in two minutes, at this rate," said May. "Supposing we three go to the lumber yard for a saunter, and shake ourselves up a little."

Lily and Rob were pleased with the idea, and off they went. Grandpapa sat writing in his study up-stairs. He put his head out of the window and called as they went from the gate, "Don't go far away, I like to hear your voices about the house and garden."

The children kissed their hands to him, and promised to stay within sight of the premises.

CHAPTER V.

THE LUMBER-YARD.

THE lumber-yard was only a few rods distant, where many a ship had been built in former years. Piles upon piles of boards were seasoning for use. Some were long and some short; forming little shady nooks where the young people could be sheltered from the sun, while they went gently up and down with the pleasant motion of the see-saw.

"I like the scent of the wood," said May; "it is so fresh and clean."

"Do you know what sort of a tree these planks are made of, cousin May?" asked Rob.

"Pine. You can tell that by the smell,

can't you? Grandpapa says that kind of wood is used more for houses and common furniture than any other. There comes grandpapa now! I thought he could not stay long in his study, without hunting us up."

Rob went to meet him. "We want you to sit in one of the 'cubby-houses' and tell us something about the pine-trees," he said. "Will you?"

"What about them?"

"All you know, grandpapa."

May gave place to him between herself and Lily, and Rob sat on the end of a board at his feet.

"You've all seen pine-trees. I believe you can tell me a great many things about them; — think."

"They're evergreen," said May.

"Yes; and therefore form a beautiful winter tree, making us glad with summer

memories when the snow has covered the earth."

"They belong to the fir family, do they not?" said Lily.

"That is true," replied grandpapa; "and a great family it is, too. Pines, firs, cypresses, hemlocks, junipers, larches, yews, and spruces. They inhabit all parts of the world. They grow where nothing else will; — in the cold regions where the Esquimaux live, and in hot countries also. To be sure they have a stunted growth where the cold is intense, but some of our New England white pines are nearly two hundred feet high."

"What pretty cones the pine bears!" said May.

"The cone is shaped like a pine-apple," said grandpapa; "or, rather, the pine-apple is shaped like a pine cone, and takes its name from this fact, I suppose. This cone

has little wooden scales, one row below the other, and at the bottom of each scale lie two seeds. When quite ripe the scales open, and the seeds drop out and sow themselves in the ground."

"That's nice," said Rob. "It keeps the young trees growing as fast as the old ones are cut down."

"The white pine is used for a greater variety of purposes than any other," said grandpapa, "because it is soft and easy to work, and is a cheap wood. Carvers can ornament it without much trouble, and pictures and looking-glass frames are made of it, it receives gilding so well. But the yellow, or spruce pine, is considered much more valuable, and what is called the 'long-leaved' is worth still more. All our resin, tar, pitch, and turpentine come from this species."

"Where does the long-leaved pine grow?" asked Rob.

"It is first found about Norfolk, Virginia, and thence it extends through the Carolinas, Georgia, and Florida, in great forests."

"How sweet the odor from the leaves must be!" said May. "I think it is perfectly refreshing to be near pine woods."

"There are various names given to this long-leaved species," said grandpapa. "In the places where it grows it is called 'yellow,' and 'pitch,' and 'brown pine;' and in the North we speak of it as 'southern' or 'red pine;' and in England, and the West Indies, they say 'Georgia pitch pine' and 'deal.' It grows nearly as high as our white pine and has a very thick trunk and large cones. Wounds are made in the trunk, and the turpentine runs out. Some of this hardens before it reaches the 'boxes,' as the incisions are named which receive it, and this is called 'scrapings.'

"Resin, tar, and pitch have to undergo

the action of fire to change their nature. Large quantities of these products of the long-leaved pine are sent to the northern states, and also to Great Britain and France."

"You say this, that we are sitting on, is white pine, grandpapa?"

"Yes. Our lumber used to come principally from Maine, and the shores of Lake Champlain, but the north-west furnishes an immense quantity now."

"Isn't it hard work to get it?" asked Rob.

"Pretty severe. The lumber-men have to leave home comforts, and suffer a good many hardships. They go to the forests in the beginning of winter, and live in log huts covered with bark. When the trees are felled and cut into logs, they are marked with the owner's name and drawn to the nearest river. As the ice breaks

up, the logs float down the current to their destination. There is one thing I wish you to remember, and that is, logs should be stripped of their bark in order to remain long uninjured; otherwise, worms destroy them."

"That's worth knowing," said Rob. "Perhaps I shall be a lumber-merchant one of these days, and then I'll have all my logs peeled."

The Champlain lumber goes down the St. Lawrence, doesn't it?" asked May.

"Yes; to Quebec some of it; and some is conveyed through the canal to New York. It is not very difficult to transport the lumber. The logs are the main trouble. They are generally floated singly, though sometimes large rafts are made of them, and men float upon them. I have seen many on the Mississippi. If they get wedged in too narrow a part of the river,

the men divide the sections, for they are put together in certain widths, and thus the difficulty is overcome."

"What is the best wood for shingles?" asked Rob.

"Cypress," replied grandpapa. "I want to tell you of one species of pine that grows west of the Rocky Mountains, and then I must be about my business. I believe I should like to be a child again, and forget all my sick people, and think of nothing but to sit here on the lumber all day."

The children liked that in grandpapa. It made them think more of their privileges to know that he valued them.

"But you've had your day, grandpapa,"

"That's true; and a merry day, too," said the doctor. "I was a lively lad enough, they say."

"What about the Rocky Mountain pine?" asked Lily.

"I was thinking of the pure amber-colored resin said her grandfather. "When the trees are partly burned it acquires a sweet taste, and the natives use it for sugar. The coarse seeds they eat, either roasted, or pounded into coarse cakes, and it is saved for the winter season. There is on the borders of the Mediterranean another species of pine, singular on account of its seeds, which have a flavor like almonds, and which frequently make their appearance on the table. Now I must go; for I see Mr. Magill coming up the road to the house, and I know what that means. Hannah has another of her spasms. Good-bye to you all," and grandpapa hopped from level to level of the lumber-pile as springy as if he were only of Rob's age.

The children had a clear view of the back door, and May espied Dorcas standing with her hand over her eyes, and

looking eagerly out. They waved their handkerchiefs to attract her notice, and she beckoned them home.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CHICKEN'S FUNERAL.

KENT was crying for Lily. He thought she had gone to New York and left him, and Ruth could not pacify him. Only Lily's face could make him sure that he was not deserted.

The little fellow sat in the old arm-chair sobbing as though his heart would break, and Ruth and grandmamma, refreshed by sleep, were trying their best to comfort him.

He had been away in dream-land, and was in that misty sort of state that children often feel when they first awake from a day nap. It is neither morning nor night with them. Their world has had a

certain break in it, and they are puzzled how to put it together again. Lily supplied the missing piece. Kent looked up smiling as soon as she appeared. She held him gently upon her lap, and told him pleasant stories until his sorrow had passed away, and then she washed his flushed face, and brushed his tumbled hair, and went with him and Ruth into the garden.

The breeze came freshly from the water, and, laden with the sweet odors from the garden, it floated around the children.

Grandmamma was walking about, bending over her plants, which were her pride and joy. They seemed to know and love her, and to give back in precious fragrance a recompense for all her care of them.

Lily seated Kent on the green grass on the top of the bank by the big willow, where he could look from between the lilac

bushes at the white sail-boats gliding over the waters. She gave him some larkspur blossoms, and showed him how to make a wreath by putting one flower inside another. They are so pretty when pressed!

May and Ruth were as busy as they could be, constructing a burial ground. They had formed mounds and covered them with grass, and put up headstones, and stuck bits of bushes in the ground for trees, and scattered flowers upon the little graves. They seemed to have no somber views with regard to the last sleeping-place, but were talking pleasantly.

"It will be just as if we were in our own snug bed at home," said May. "God will be watching over us, and in the morning we shall awake glad and happy, and so rested!"

"Yes," said Ruth, "and we shall never be tired any more; that's a good thing.

Whatever we have to do, it will be such work as will not tire. Sometimes my bones ache here, if I only stoop down for a little while to weed the strawberry bed."

"You know that dead chicken we saw in the hen-house to-day?" said May a sudden thought coming to her mind.

"Yes."

"Well, let us bury it under the lilac bush. I've got a tin box that siedlitz-powders were in. We'll put it in that. You get the chicken, while I get the box, please."

Ruth brought the little, yellow, downy thing tenderly in her apron. She sat and held it till May came. She thought of it sorrowfully. The tiny creature, so full of life in the early morning, pecking its food, and running hither and thither at the mother hen's call, now so limp and cold and dead.

"It is a pity," she said to May, as they

placed it in the midst of the cotton; "it might have grown up to be a speckled hen, and lay whole nests full of eggs."

"Yes," said Rob, coming up at this moment, and seeing and hearing, "and the end would have been to have its head cut off, and be eaten for somebody's dinner."

The boy took a practical view of the case, and it comforted Ruth greatly.

"I didn't think of that," she said. "I believe I am rather glad, than otherwise, that it died. We'll make a nice little grave here under the lilac, and, Rob, you get a board and print the name with your pencil."

So Rob ran to the lumber-yard and brought a narrow shingle, which one of the men gave him, and printed on it,—

"Our Pet Chicken."

The old mother hen went often to the place afterwards, and scratched all round

Knirsch

the little mound, but she never once dreamed that one of her own offspring was there.

"If these creatures felt their loss, and lamented it as people do, what a sad world this would be!"

May was apt to moralize over little things. She said this solemnly, as the unconscious hen came with her surviving brood to pick the bugs and worms from the earth that had been freshly dug.

Lily had strolled away to have a quiet talk with grandmamma, who was sitting on a rustic bench with her herbarium on her lap. The old lady had a fine collection of pressed flowers and leaves, to which she was adding from new plants lately cultivated. She had a way of keeping the colors fresh by covering the blossoms with sand until all the moisture was absorbed, and then she would remove

them and put them in her book, or else tie them in tasteful bouquets for vases.

"I don't think I could ever have your patience, grandmamma," said Lily. "I like beautiful things, but I don't want very much trouble to get them."

"When the heart is in any work, one does not think it a task," said grandmamma. "It is so pleasant to me to have the productions of nature about me that I am impelled to seek them, and while I am preparing my leaves and flowers I think of nothing but the joy that they will bring in the season when the earth is covered with frost and snow, and I have no blossoming garden to walk in."

"Did you like this sort of pleasure when you were as young as I am?"

"Yes, dear. My room was full of specimens from forest and dell and garden. I lived amidst nature."

"It is more sensible than wax-work," said Lily.

"I have seen some exquisite imitations in wax-work," replied her grandmother; "but they do not satisfy me. God's finger is not in them as in these."

"Who made the fruit that is in the glass case in the parlor chamber?"

"That's your Aunt Hannah's work. It was a sort of mania among the young folks at one time."

"The peaches and cherries and barberries are very natural."

"Yes; but I never fancied any thing of the kind shut up within four glass walls. I should prefer them on branches, hung about the room, if at all."

"Hark!" said Lily, bending her head to listen more intently, "we can hear the Newport Beach." So the children called it when the sound of the great ocean waves reached them from the distant shore.

"We are going to have a storm," said grandmamma. "'The sea and the waves roaring,' — that always betokens it. I never knew it to fail when that sound is heard."

Lily looked across the cove, beyond the green strip of land with the white light-house on the point, to the bay, that seemed agitated. It tossed the boats as if impatient to get them to their haven. Above it the gulls flapped their wings and went wildly to and fro. It looked like a crazy, bewildered flight, — so restless.

"I wish they would stop," said Lily.

"What?"

"The birds, — their flying. It makes my heart flutter to see them. What weary time Noah's dove must have had before it returned to the ark."

"We all have a weary time when we go out from our sure refuge," said grandmamma. "We wander over cheerless waters

for a while, and then are glad to return unto our rest."

"You mean when we go away from God, and seek our pleasure in the world, and are never satisfied nor happy till we come back to him?"

"Yes, darling."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CHILDREN'S PURCHASES.

"WE haven't spent our money yet," said Rob, whose ten-cent piece burned in his pocket. "Let us ask grandmother if we can go down street."

Mary and Ruth and he had finished rounding the chicken's grave, and were tired of their play in the garden, and time began to drag wearily.

Rob had put his hand into his pocket to get a string for little Kent to make a whip-lash, and so was reminded of the silver piece which his fingers touched.

Grandmamma was willing the children should go as far as the store by the bridge.

"Can't we go to Uncle Noah's, just round the corner?" asked Ruth. "He has the prettiest things! and we will be careful of Kent, and keep hold of his hand all the way."

It is not easy to resist the pleadings of little children, when they are good, if they ask any thing reasonable; so grandmamma said, "Yes. But do not stay long. The afternoon is drawing to a close, and you must go home before dark, and I want you for a little while all to myself in the portico. You must get cooled and calmed after the heat and tumult of the day."

It was the good old lady's habit to gather her grandchildren around her, and talk to them before parting. Not in a dry, sermonizing way, but in a degree after the manner of the Perfect Master, who taught his disciples from the natural objects before him.

"What shall you buy?" was the ques-

tion that the children asked each other as they went down the village street, a rich and merry party; but nobody knew until the store was reached, and the beautiful goods were displayed.

Uncle Noah peered at the young folks over his spectacles, and waited upon them with as much patience and politeness as if his fortune depended upon their purchases. He handed up tops and balls, and witches and beads, and tiny smelling-bottles, and ducks in little boats that would float on the water, and fishes with a magnet to make them seem alive as they followed it in a full basin.

May bought a perfume-bag to send to her mother by Rob, and a bunch of beads for her new needle-book. She wanted to work her name on the covers. Lily got some pencils, and a small drawing-book. She could copy very well from leaves and flowers, and it was a real delight to her.

Rob hesitated between a top and a slate, but finally decided that he should soon get tired of a top, that could only do one thing, and that a slate would be a constant source of pleasure, because he could vary the delight by all sorts of games, as well as by drawing and ciphering. "It was a wise choice," Lily told him.

Ruth chose a witch for a little lame girl, who lived next door to the place where she was boarding for the summer, and for herself some beads; for she meant to work a needle-book like Cousin May's. It was so kind of her to think of poor Mattie Dinker, who had to sit in an easy-chair all the time, and could never go down to Uncle Noah's, even if she had any pennies to buy things with, which was very seldom the case.

Kent liked the fishes, and that was his his purchase. He took out his coin with the air of a nabob, and felt that he had

swelled Uncle Noah's coffers very much by his ten-cent patronage. Dear little fellow! I doubt if a thousand dollars, now that he is a grown man and prosperous in business, are as precious to him as that ten-cent piece was!

When we are young, and full of the sweet simplicity and artlessness of childhood, every good and every pleasure are magnified. We make the most of them; but when we are older, and have seen much of the world, our estimate of things is changed. Great things seem small, and our eyes and hearts are constantly looking out and reaching toward larger and better.

The contentment of our early years is very beautiful. We go back to it and live in it after we have grown up, and we are born again, and become as little children.

CHAPTER IX.

OLD ROAN.

GRANDPAPA overtook the merry party as he was returning from Hannah Magill's. He saw the purchases in their hands, and knew very well how much happiness his morning's gift had conferred.

"Hop in," said he to Ruth, as she turned her head at the sound of old Roan's hoofs, and stood waiting until the carriage stopped beside her.

"Rob, put your cousin Kent in, and you, Lily, and Mary can walk."

"Roan smells his hay, doesn't he, grandpa?" asked Ruth, as the cunning fellow

pricked up his ears and went briskly towards home.

"Yes, indeed. It would be well to tie a bundle of it to his nose, when his face is in the other direction, and I am in a hurry to get to my patients."

That amused Kent very much. "Try it, grandpapa," he said.

"I am afraid he knows too much to be cheated," replied grandpapa. "He has gone over the road, back and forth, so many times in his life, that every house is familiar, and you couldn't make him believe his barn was in any other place than exactly where it stands."

"Roan has been a faithful servant to you, grandpapa, hasn't he?" said Ruth.

"Yes; and a good friend. Many a dark night, when I could not see my hand before me, I have given him the reins, and he has guided me safely home."

"How nice that was!" said Ruth.

"I have heard of a horse's taking a blind musician from house to house for the purpose of giving lessons, and always setting him down at the right place," said grandpapa; "and I know a teamster who fastens his bridle around his arm and goes to sleep, walking along beside his horses, who lead him without guidance to his proper destination."

Ruth looked at Roan with more respect than she had ever done before, and patted him gently, as grandpapa lifted Kent and her from the chaise.

"He's a noble old fellow," she said. "I didn't know horses could do so much."

"A horse is man's best friend among the animals," said grandpapa. "A dog is more like an inferior. He will fawn upon you, and fight for you, and watch and defend your property. He is a worthy and valuable creature; but the spirit of a

horse is not a fawning one. He is more a companion than a servant. He erects his ears, and arches his neck, and neighs in such a hearty, grateful way when you approach him, that you are almost as glad of his welcome greeting as of a human being's joy at your coming."

"Let me give Roan his supper?" asked Rob, who had come up to the gate, and been listening to his grandfather.

"You can go with me, if you like. I have to crush some corn for him."

"Why do you not give it to him whole?"

"His teeth can not chew fine grain very well, and if it gets into his stomach whole it gives him little or no nourishment."

"What a beautiful tail Roan has!" said Rob, as the horse was detached from the chaise and led into the stable.

"Yes. The sultan would give a good deal for such a tail as that," said grand papa.

"What would he want of it?"

"The Ottomans and the Tartars use the horse's tail for a standard," replied grandpapa. "It is a sign of distinction, also for their commanders; the number of horse-tails carried before them and planted before their tents being in proportion to their rank. The sultan, or highest ruler, has seven horse-tails in war, the grand vizier three, two, or one."

"Why do they chose such a funny standard?"

"The reason is said to be this. Once they lost all their ensigns in battle, and the commander fastened a horse's tail to his lance, rallied his troops, and conquered, and after that it was always honored and used. The Turkish horse-tail consists of a pole with one or more tails attached, and other ornaments of horse-hair surmounted by a crescent."

"I should like that," said Rob.

"Better than the stars and stripes?"

"Oh, no! Nothing better than our own dear old flag! Hurrah for the 'red, white, and blue!'" shouted the patriotic boy, throwing his cap high in the air, to the great excitement of Roan, upon whose head it fell as he was quietly eating his supper.

CHAPTER X.

GRANDMAMMA'S TALK.

AFTER the children had enjoyed their nice meal of white bread and butter, and fresh berries and little cakes, — hearts and rounds, which Dorcas had baked for them the day before, — they went to the portico for their quiet talk with grandmamma.

It was almost a room, it was so large and square, with seats on two sides, and green blinds to keep out the sun; and with the "twivel-twine" clasping one pillar and running up with a wealth of foliage to spread out in beautiful and graceful curtains over the lattice work, and to cover the roof and keep it cool. The jessamine

too, with its delicate blossoms, clustered over another pillar, and wooed the insects to sip from the little cups.

Close by, a summer pippin, full of green apples, cast its shadow; and the fence that shut off the road leading to the water was lined with rose-bushes and syringas. The sound of the roaring waves over the bay was more and more distinct as the night drew on and other sounds were stilled. There was a quiet, subdued air over the village, and it came upon the little ones as well; nothing sad or solemn, but restful and very pleasant after the warm, busy hours of the day.

"Almost time to go home, isn't it, grandmamma?" said Kent, leaning heavily on the old lady's knee, and looking up into her face.

"Yes, dearie. Have you had a happy time?"

"Buful! 'Specially the kittens."

The little fellow never tired of the two household pets, that allowed all sorts of liberties from him, even the harnessing of them into a tiny wagon to draw grass and earth.

"Then you like grandmamma's house?"

"Pretty much," returned Kent. "I should wish to stay here always."

Lily lifted him upon the bench beside her, and put her arm around him.

"Grandmamma," said she, "it is very nice for us to come here every Saturday and enjoy ourselves so much. Is it pleasant for you, too?"

"Yes, indeed, child. What makes you ask? Grandparents and mothers and fathers live in their grandchildren and children. It would be a dull world without them."

"I'm glad you think so. I was afraid we had all the fun, and you nothing but the trouble."

She was a thoughtful child, and was wondering if they had given any thing in return for the joy they had received.

"I think we are square in our accounts," said grandmother. "I'll agree to tell you when you are in my debt. That will be only when you go contrary to my wishes; I mean, knowingly. Sometimes you may do things that I would not approve of without being aware of it; that, of course, I should forgive, and not count; but when you are sure I would disapprove of a thing, and yet should do it, then we will talk about what you owe me. You have given me a great deal of pleasure to-day, so that I shall look forward to next Saturday with impatience, and shall be very glad when it is here."

"I believe I'm in debt to you, grandmamma," said Ruth. "I went over to Polly's this morning without leave. I didn't think, till I got upon the door-step,

that you had told us always to ask, and then I slipped in as quick as I could, so as to forget all about it; but I couldn't forget, and didn't stay long, and I haven't been quite happy about it all day."

"I am glad you told me, daughter. I am sure you will not do it again. I have all confidence in my grandchildren, and since you have been so frank in confessing your fault, it is already crossed out of my book."

"Then I owe you something still," said Ruth, with an intelligent face that seemed to sparkle with a gleam of light and joy.

"What?" asked grandmamma.

"Plenty of love and kisses," said Ruth. "That is a debt that we all like to pay;" and she hung around her grandmamma's neck, and almost smothered her with caresses.

"I hope our life's day will end as happily as this," said the dear old lady, "and that

you and I will be gathered in the pleasant Home above!"

"No night there!" said May.

"No going away from each other to separate homes to see no more of each other for days and days. That's the worst of it here. Just as we begin to have a good time, the darkness comes, and we must go home, or to bed and to sleep."

"Look at the sun," said grandmamma. "How clear he is setting. The storm will not come to-morrow, I think, but it can not be far off."

There was a white-sailed vessel coming round the light-house point into the haven which it designed to reach. The wind puffed out its sails and sent it along like a bird. Nearer and nearer it drew, until it reached the wharf, and the passengers began to disembark.

"They are glad to get upon land," said grandmamma. "The waves have been

boisterous to-day. The sea has always its rough moments; and it is good to feel the ground under one's feet after tossing to and fro."

"There's no danger on that boat," said Rob. "She has a splendid captain and a good helmsman."

"The sea is a mighty power to overcome," said grandmamma. "There is but One who can tame it."

The children knew that she meant God, and that he holds the winds and the waves in the hollow of his hand.

"Now I think we shall have to say good-night," said grandmamma. "There goes the sun down into the blue waves, and the night will soon be upon us; but the twilight is so long that you can reach home safely before dark, and I preferred you should wait till it became cool. Lily, get Kent's hat from the high nail, please, and reach Ruth's bonnet for her."

Grandpapa had been reading his newspaper by the sitting-room window, which overlooked the portico. He had not been unmindful of what was going on there, and he came out to give the children a parting kiss, and to caution them about crossing the bridge, as was his custom.

"Don't go near the railing," he said.

He and grandmamma and May went to the gate and watched them as they set off.

"Rob," said May, "give mother the perfume-bag the first thing when you get home, and a thousand kisses for me!"

CHAPTER XI.

ROB.

ROB went as far the corner with his cousins, and then they turned to the left and went up the hill, and he to the right, going down towards the water. Ruth saw Mattie Dinker sitting in her easy-chair by the window. The child's face was very pale, and she looked as if she would like to be one of the little group that tripped along with such free footsteps. She was thinking how nice it must be to have joints that would move in their sockets, and obey when their owner said I will go hither or thither; for she spoke her thoughts aloud.

"Mother, if I could only walk as other little children do!"

"And so you will, Mattie, in God's good time. Perhaps not in this life. We must have patience."

Just then Ruth came close to the window, and handed her the witch. "It turns a splendid somersault;—see!" said she, setting it down on the window-sill.

The bright, little thing gave a leap, and went over into Mattie's lap, and amused her very much.

"Thank you," she said. "How good you are!"

Ruth had a little struggle with herself for a second. Something said, "Give the lame girl a string of your beads. She will like them better than the witch, and will take real comfort with them."

"I want them all for myself," said Ruth to the voice that had spoken. Yet she

slowly undid the paper, and took out a string and held them up.

Mattie's eyes glistened. "For me?" she said.

Ruth was so glad she didn't resist the voice! Her own beads seemed a great deal prettier now. That is true. Whatever we have to enjoy has twice the beauty and value in our eyes when we share it with some body who is not able to get it otherwise. If any body tries it, he will know that it is not a superstitious fancy, but a glorious reality.

Mattie slept with the witch and beads under her pillow, and was up by daylight to look at them again. Poor children have so few playthings that they have very great enjoyment with the little that is given them; and I think this is one thing in which God has made the rich and the poor equal. The little that the poor have is as great in its worth to them as the

much that comes to the rich and palls upon them by its very lavishness.

Lily hastened home with Kent, who was sleepy, and wanted his little, white cot-bed, and Ruth followed with a face beaming with joy.

Rob's mother had the baby in her arms, and was looking out of the door, as her little son went down the street. She did not like to have her boys out late. She thought the home-roof to be the best place for them after sunset.

"Is May homesick?" she asked, as he gave his sister's present and message.

"Not homesick, mother; but I think she wants to see you very much. I should not wonder if she came down to-morrow for a little while. Grandmamma will bring her, perhaps."

"It is such a pretty little gift!" she said, as she took the perfume-box from the paper. "Mothers like to be remembered.

I shall have very happy thoughts of my dear little daughter to-night, as I lay my head upon my pillow."

The babe put out its hands to go to Rob. It loved its big brother dearly, and clung to him, and laughed and crowed, and pulled his curly hair to its heart's content.

"Where are all the girls?" asked Rob, as mother took her pet again. He found them, without waiting for an answer. A whole day is a long time to be away from home. One seems to think great doings have come to pass, when one has been eight or ten hours absent.

"Has any thing happened?" asked Rob, as he met half a dozen young people coming in from the barn, flustered and excited.

"Oh, yes! oh, yes! There are ten little pigs in the sty; and the old hen has come off with only three chickens! Four-

teen eggs under her, and only three chickens, Rob! Isn't it a shame?"

"Let's go and see." And the whole troop went off to poke the grunter, and exclaim over her "beautiful litter," and to rouse the recreant hen, and see the three little, yellow heads peeping from under the wings, between the feathers.

"Better than none! They're as cunning as they can be," said Rob, of the scanty brood. It is wisdom to make the best of mischance.

Mother called her brood from the back door. "Saturday night," she said, "and such a general bathing yet to be done. Come, children. I want you younger ones early in bed; you must be up in time for Sunday-school, you know."

May had watched her brother and her cousins from her grandmother's gate until they were out of sight, and then had gone in-doors to read the evening psalms

to grandmother, before she should be too weary to take the full sense of them. She missed her little companions very much, but somehow she liked now and then to be alone with older people. Grandmamma was better company than any body in the world, so May thought; and grandpapa petted her so kindly, and stooped so gently to meet her small capacity, that she was very happy, and seldom wished to go home except to see if mother and all the family were just as she had left them, and then she was ready to return and lengthen her visit at grandmamma's.

CHAPTER XII.

LORD'S-DAY MORNING.

THE Lord's-day sun found all the windows in grandmamma's house wide open, and it entered with the perfume of the sweet brier that was climbing up to peep in, and the honeysuckle, and all the breath of the flowers that semed passing sweet when the Sunday came round.

There was such a hush over the village, a holy quiet such as one feels when he thinks of paradise. There was no sound of rattling wheels, no calling of voice to voice about the market prices of worldly goods; no bustle of preparation for business, or excursions of pleasure.

The vessels lay at the wharves with their sails lashed neatly to the yards, and the water made a soft, pleasing ripple about their keels. Little boats were anchored here and there upon the placid deep. The birds had shaken themselves from their sleep, and, bathed in the early dew, were singing their Sunday songs. They were ready for *their* Sunday-school long before the little children opened their eyes to God's beautiful light.

In the old apple-tree near May's room a bright robin sat trilling out his blithest notes. The little girl heard him in her dreams, and thought it was angel music. The bird cocked its head and looked through the leaves, past a greening that was growing larger and larger with every hour's ripening, into the chamber where the child lay. He liked the pretty room with its wall-paper of vines and flowers; leaves creeping up to reach

the ceiling, and little "nosegigs," as Dorcas called them, of carnations and rosebuds tied with ribbon. He could get a fine glance of every thing within the four walls. The oak bedstead with the thistle, and gallipot, and acorn, and butter-biscuit on the posts at the foot, and the white counterpane with a star in the middle, and the wide pillow with a tumbled brown head and a rosy cheek upon it. There were May's Sunday-clothes lying over the chair by the bed-side, — a neat, white dress and blue sash, and little black prunella boots. The closet door was partly open, and there hung a straw hat with a blue ribbon around the crown, and a parasol to keep off the hot summer sun.

The robin gave a loud, loud trill as he saw the brown head move upon the pillow, and the heavy lids part slowly and show the blue eyes. So May knew, as she saw the old apple-tree, and the pretty bird

gazing at her from a bough, that it was not yet paradise, nor angel music, but that if she would have the next best thing, which was Sunday-school, the church, and hymns of praise and holy worship, she must be up and dressed and ready to follow the dear, old bell when it should ring cheerily to call her.

She sprang out of bed at once, and put her head out of the window to take a Sunday breath. The air was delicious, and worth a thousand morning naps.

Grandmamma was walking in the south garden, and talking with God. May knew what she was about, as she saw her face upturned toward the heavens with such an expression of peace and sweetness upon it as only the holiest communion gives. Every little while the dear old lady would stop and look round her at the blue waters, and at the sunlight sparkling every where, and at the insects flitting

hither and thither. Then she would clasp her hands and look toward the skies again with a wistful face that said plainly as words could say, "I have found Him, — him the Author of all this glory! Blessed be his holy name!"

May knelt by the window and said her morning prayer. It seemed as if she could bring God nearer by being in the open air, though she knew very well that he is always close beside those who call upon him.

She asked him to make her more and more thankful for his loving care, that had brought her to the beginning of so beautiful and holy a day, and to keep her without sin through the sacred hours, and help her to improve every minute to his glory. She spoke to him in very simple words, such as any little child would say to its father. "I thank you for so pretty a gift, and I hope I shall be very good and make

you love me." And to be sure that she had forgotten nothing that she ought to ask, she used the prayer that Jesus taught his disciples ; for mamma and grandmamma had often said, "There is every thing that any body needs in this prayer of our Lord Jesus, and that is why I wish you always to make use of it with your other devotions." So May never failed to sum up her petitions with the Lord's prayer, and then she felt there was nothing more to ask.

Dorcas had a great deal to do, and was old and often stiff with rheumatism, and grandmamma had taught the children whenever they came to visit her to make their own beds, and keep their room in perfect order ; and they felt a certain pride when they had accomplished this, especially when the dear old lady said, "That is a finely shaped bed," or, "I can not see a speck of dust any where in

the room ; and how neat the drawers and closets are ! "

Grandmamma wanted the young people to form such habits in their youth as would make their maturer years easy and happy. " A shiftless woman is a misery to herself, and to her household," she said.

" I wouldn't be that for any thing in the world," thought May. So she stripped the bed, and hung the clothes by the window to air ; and after she was all ready, except her frock, she put it together again before she went down stairs this morning, because there would be little time after breakfast before Sunday-school. She and grandmamma had their pleasant time in the garden, and May spent a few minutes with grandpapa in the portico before Dorcas was ready with her hot johnny-cake, — hoe-cake, she called it, for it was made in the old-fashioned way, and baked before the fire. Stoves were not in fashion

in May's time,—at least, not at May's grandmother's, and things had a rare taste then,—an individual taste. One thing did not get the smack of another, as in the stove where every thing is cooked.

"Going to church, little daughter?" said grandpapa after breakfast, eyeing the neat figure in white and blue.

"Yes, grandpapa."

"How will you keep your eyes open all the long summer morning?"

"Oh, easy enough. I never go to sleep; and if I do, Mr. Parsons says God will forgive me sooner for sleeping in church than for staying at home to take a nap."

"Is that so? Then it is no matter about keeping awake to hear the sermon?"

Grandpapa was trying to puzzle the little girl, but she recollected the minister's words.

"Yes, it is matter to try," she said

"Mr. Parsons told us that God would not be angry with us if we *tried* to keep awake, but dropped asleep because we were tired or weak."

"He did not mean, then, that we should arrange our cushions comfortably, and compose ourselves for a quiet snooze, like Mr. Catsby?"

"Oh, no. Mr. Catsby seems to think church is his bed-room," said May.

"And what do you think, little girl?"

I think it is just as mamma says, that it is the house of prayer, and the gate of heaven. She tells us that we go there to meet God and the angels, and that if we learn to love his holy worship on earth we shall be fitted to enjoy heaven and the presence of the good and just. But there is the bell, grandpapa, and I must run or I shall be late."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

THE doctor sat thinking long after May left him. His newspaper dropped from his hand, and he held his spectacles between his fingers. He did not enjoy Sabbath worship much. He had allowed the necessary care of his patients to keep him from many a service, until he had gradually grown out of the use of the means of grace. The child's words awoke him to the reflection, "What if one does learn to enjoy these things, — prayer and praise, and communion with God, and with the saints here below. What will be his position when he is taken away from earth? Does one really need this training,

this cultivation of the spiritual nature, to fit him for the enjoyment of heaven?"

He had to come to the conclusion that the child was right, and that a mother's teachings were wise, and certain guides when she founded them upon the principles of a holy Bible faith. "I wish I had never departed from the simplicity of a child's heart!" said the doctor to himself. "A little child that trusts and obeys God's word without reasoning or questioning is the happiest of mortals."

He thought he had said it quite softly; but grandmamma heard him as she passed through the long entry, and it made her heart leap for joy. She was yearning so much for his salvation!

May went over the bridge, and down the long main street to the right, about half-way. Then she could have turned to the left, and gone along a green lane, and to the right again, and along another

green lane until she reached the church; but it was no farther to go a few steps down the street, and kiss mother and baby, and then up through the mulberry avenue to Sunday-school. She did not stop a minute to think. Mother and baby were pulling so hard at her heart-strings that she got over the road in double-quick time.

"Oh, there is sister May!" exclaimed a glad voice, in tones that could only come from the lips of a mother. She was speaking to little "puss," as they called the baby, though its name was Rebecca.

"The children have just gone to Sunday-school through the garden," she said, as May hugged her and the little sister together. "I am so delighted to see you! But you must not stop now, for the bell will not ring a minute longer. You will catch your brothers and sister if you run fast."

Rob heard May's voice, though she did not call very loud. The children had been taught that all noises ought to be subdued on God's holy day, and it jarred upon their ear to hear a boisterous sound, or a loud laugh or call.

"We've got ten pigs and three little chickens," whispered Rob, as he turned back to meet her. "I'll show them to you after church."

The home news could not be kept a minute. All the children had to repeat it to May, as they reached the gate where they stood waiting for her.

"Such cunning pigs!" said Emma.

The minister coming up by the way of the lane just then brought their minds away from pigs and chickens, and the little ones passed through the gate of their father's field into the "gate of heaven," which May had been talking to grandpa about.

"Have you learned your lesson?" asked Helen, in a low voice, as she stood by May.

"Yes, indeed. Grandmamma makes me begin Monday morning, and read it over every day, and by Saturday I know it perfectly. She says that is so much better than to leave it till the last minute to study hard and worry over."

"It is so quiet at grandmamma's," said Helen; "but the children are so troublesome at home, and we older ones have so much care of them, that I had not much time to myself for study, and I am afraid I don't half know my chapter."

The children separated and went to the different classes. May saw Cousin Lily across the gallery in Miss Essie's class, and Ruth was on the seat just below her sister, and Kent behind the organ in the infant class.

There was a disposition to nod and

beck at each other, but Mr. Parsons rang the little bell and called the school to prayer. Then the young voices swelled through the old church and out into the sunshine and up toward heaven, in the sweet words,—

> "Saviour, who thy flocks art feeding
> With a shepherd's kindest care,—— "

and nearly all the children had the real consciousness that they were in the presence of God, and that he was pleased with their heartfelt worship.

The buzz and hum of the Sunday-school were the most delightful melody to the good minister. He watched the little heads bent over the Word of God, and the little fingers busily turning the sacred leaves, and his heart was full of joy.

"Thank God for the Sunday-school!" he said to his Superintendent, as they stood together by the desk looking upon the earnest faces of teachers and scholars

"It is here that the true foundation of a Christian life is laid. Home is the rightful place for earliest religious teaching, but too often fathers and mothers have no care for the souls of their children. The Sunday-school supplies this want to such little ones as have no other Christian nurture, and to such as have, it but impresses the home instruction more deeply."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE HOUSE OF GOD.

WHEN the church-bell rang, May saw her grandmother enter the door below, and walk round the aisle to the square pew by the east window. She knelt down quietly, and covered her face with her hands, and May knew that she was asking God to bless the services of the day to her, and not to let her forget for a moment his holy presence in his holy temple. The little girl always felt the influence of grandmamma's devout spirit and manner. It was so different from that of most people, who go to the house of God as if it were some place of amuse-

ment, where one can chat and laugh until the performance commences.

How nice the villagers looked in their Sunday attire! It was pleasant to see them come in, and glide away to their seats, and compose themselves for worship.

Old Aunt Mason, verging towards a hundred years, yet strong and active, and quick to obey the call to prayers. Miss Natty, with her simple, Quakerly garb, that seemed to accord so well with her sweet, placid face. May loved her dearly, and was delighted when she caught a glimpse of the plain, white 'kerchief pinned over the bosom, and the white straw bonnet, with the band of white lutestring that was the only trimming. She followed Miss Natty's figure until it reached its wonted corner, and her eyes dwelt upon the kind, loving face. She thought Miss Natty

would make a beautiful angel. Little children have a sort of worshipful feeling towards older people who lead saintly lives. They always think of them in a spiritual sense, which induces the sweetest and best kind of love; — the love that is based upon the highest virtues, and so has reason to reverence and exalt the object.

How the good people sang! As if their very souls were in the music, and in the words! It lifted them up toward the skies, this heartfelt singing! It was so much better than great art, and perfect harmony. Every thing was soulful in the old church where little May went on the Lord's day to pray and praise. When the child went out from the hallowed place, holding her grandmamma's hand, she felt as if they had indeed been to meet the King of Glory; and the sunshine that lay in a great, golden flood upon the door-step

and upon the grass, seemed as if it streamed from within, and were part of the King's brilliance.

"We will go to mother's to dinner, and I shall be near for the afternoon service," said grandmamma. "I suppose you want to see the children by this time?"

That was exactly what May was wishing; for however dear and pleasant it was at grandpapa's, home was home, and nothing could take its place; and to-day, especially, there was the additional attraction of the new pigs and chickens.

There were May and cousin Lily, Rob, and Helen, Emma, Harry and Louise, and Carrie — such a pretty company going down the Mulberry avenue. Grandmamma looked upon them with pride. She felt quite important, heading the little troop. Father stopped to fasten the gate. It was apt to swing upon its hinges and let in the stray cattle, that liked the

church-lane grass, and were always grazing there, ready to trespass upon the adjoining corn-fields, if an opportunity presented itself.

May was in state. She was a guest as well as grandmamma, and was made much of, and escorted to the pig-pen and hen-coop, before she could think of such a thing as eating. She was in ecstacies over the new-comers. "God makes such beautiful creatures," she said, as she watched the ten little pigs poking their little pink snouts into the old grunter's sides, and saw the three chickens running around the mother hen.

"'He multiplieth them exceedingly, and suffereth not their cattle to decrease,'" said grandmamma, who was a child among children in her love of young animals. She had always some appropriate Scripture passage in her mind for every occasion. It was not brought in ab-

ruptly or irreverently, but while she stood thinking, and when there was a proper time, and every body seemed ready for just such precious pearls as she cast before them.

"It was almost like preaching, to have her come on Sundays," mother said. "She brought a gospel with her, and made those who had to stay at home with baby miss less the great feast that was spread at the church." She was thankful to get such crumbs as grandmamma brought from the Master's table.

Grandpapa came down to afternoon service, and stopped at mother's to pet the children for a while, and to be one of the little party on the way to church. He never felt better than when surrounded by his grandchildren. "It makes a man of consequence in the world, to count up his childrens' children, as I can," he said.

"'A hoary head is a crown of glory if

it is found in the way of righteousness,'" said the clergyman.

May looked at the sunlight that fell upon grandpapa's brow, and he caught the child's earnest, thoughtful expression. The warmth of the sun was a little oppressive, but he would not move away from the rays just then. They seemed to him a welcome omen that God's grace would some time rest upon him; for although he was not a Christian, he hoped and expected to be one at some future day, as almost every body does. He was willing to be saved if God would save him without any effort of his own. It was such striving, such a continual warfare with sin, that he was not quite ready to take up the weapons and enter the combat.

May crept closer to him, and put her little hand in his, and listened attentively to the sermon. It was such as a child

could understand. It told of the beauty of a godly life from the cradle the grave, when the old man may look back to his very infancy and see the light of the Holy Spirit upon the whole pathway; never shut off, although here and there slightly obscured by some grievance not powerful enough to darken it wholly.

The sermon spoke of the beautiful fruit of that spirit which even a little child may bring forth. "Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, meekness, gentleness, goodness, faith, and temperance."

May set to thinking whether she had shown any of this precious fruit to day. It was a happiness to remark that mother had said to her at dinner, when she denied herself a second piece of pudding, "That is my *temperate* little girl!" And when she had answered lovingly and quietly some rough remark of Harry's, her father put

his hand upon her head and said, "Love and meekness are very sweet virtues."

She knew very well, that without help from above she could never think a good thought, nor do a good deed; and she was glad to get down upon her knees in the corner of the old-fashioned pew, as the sermon ended, and ask for this help to govern and sanctify her all the days of her life.

"Haven't we had a nice day, grandpapa?" she asked, as they reached home and took their favorite seat in the portico to watch the sunset.

"Tolerable," replied the doctor.

But this did not satisfy May. "No more than that?" she said. "I think it's been splendid!"

Then, after a minute, — "I should like to have Sunday last always; shouldn't you? It will in heaven, mother says, —

that is, worship and praise, and the things that good people love here. Of course people must be good before they can enjoy it. Sunday is such a dear day; I love it!"

No body could doubt little May's earnestness. Her whole face was a-glow, and it touched her grandfather's heart even more than the sermon had done.

The twilight came gradually, and the twittering of the birds was so different from that of the early dawn; — a sober, dreamy, lulling sound, with none of the brightness of the awakening; yet very peaceful and satisfying after the many events of the day, and the call and the need for rest. It is sweet to lay down to sleep, and the awakening is very sweet also. *The awakening*, I mean, when we shall see God in his glory.

CHAPTER XV.

HELPING DORCAS.

"MAY I help you to-day?"

Dorcas was in her element. Butter, and sugar, and eggs, and spices, all around her. The tin oven before the fire, and the iron bake-kettle over it upon one of the crane-hooks, and such a large bed of live coals ready to heap upon the cover when needed. She had on a neat, clean, blue homespun dress with short sleeves, and her fat arms protruding. Her turban was just from the ironing, and her checked apron showed the fresh folds. It was a great day with Dorcas, and May felt it. The little girl was very meek as she asked the favor, "May I help you?" for some-

Times Dorcas had moods in which she would not allow a foot in her kitchen until the cooking was accomplished. There was one certain indication that May understood. If the waist of Dorcas' gown was hitched she knew what to expect; but to-day it was pulled smoothly down, and it set snugly to the figure; and as she noticed that, she ventured over the threshhold; for she was standing in the little entry-way at the foot of the stairs, with one hand on the knob of the dining-room door. There was a refuge within that door, with grandmamma, when, all else failed.

"Bring your rolling-pin."

That was a welcome sound; and May took the little roller from the nail in the pantry, and Dorcas made room for her at the end of the table.

"Is it hearts and rounds, to-day?" asked May.

"No. Loaf-cake, with plenty of plums in it."

"May I beat the eggs?"

"You'll spill 'em all over your apron."

"I'll be careful," said May. "Don't you think it is time I learned to cook?"

"Well, maybe," said Dorcas. "You an't very old yet; but I could put a cake together before I was nigh as tall as you be."

"You were a smart little girl," said May.

"Your grandmamma taught me."

"Then I do not wonder," said May "Grandmamma has a way of making every body smart. I should not know half as much as I do without her."

"Your ma hasn't time to bother with you."

"I don't think she'd call it bothering," said May. "She goes round with the baby on her arm, and does her work and hears

our lessons all at once; but she can't take such pains to teach us to sew and to cook as grandmamma can."

"No; poor cretur! Such a raft of young ones!" said Dorcas.

"Ten of them," said May; her mind intent upon the pigs.

Dorcas did not hear. She was intent upon her scales, weighing out "*gredences*," as she called ingredients, or the different parts of any compound. The raisins had been stoned the day before, and it did not take long to get the mixture into the pan and the pan into the bake-kettle with the blaze underneath, and the coals and hot ashes on the cover. It requires great skill to temper the heat properly; but Dorcas had had long experience, and better bread never came from any oven than the bright, brown loaves that peeped from the old iron kettle as the cover was raised.

"What's in the tin oven?" asked May.

"That's a roast for dinner; it's lamb, and we're to have peas and sparrer grass."

"Can't you say asparagus?"

"It'll taste jest as good 'tother way," said Dorcas.

"But if there's a right way, we ought to try to get it, oughtn't we?"

"In more things than sparrer grass; — yes."

Dorcas had the dough ready for cookies. She cut a piece as big as a turkey's egg, and gave it to May.

"You can roll it thin, and cut 'em out with my thimble, and I'll bake 'em for you."

The thimble was steel, and open at the top, and it stood on the window-sill close by. May wiped it with a piece of blotting-paper that was beside it, and then with a dish-towel, and cut the dough that she had rolled. She put her tiny cookies into a round pie-pan, and sat down to

wait till they were baked. They puffed up to twice their original size, and tasted so much better for the hand that she had had in the making. We always prize most that which costs us some personal effort and labor. I would never do any thing for a child which it can do for itself. I should wish it to derive the greatest possible pleasure from every good, and that can only be when it comes to know and use its own powers.

"You can peel the potatoes for me, if you've a mind to," said Dorcas, as May had finished her part of the cookery, and was watching the putting together of apple-pies.

"Oh yes; any thing," said May. "I should like to cook if I could only be as skillful as you are when I grow up."

"You might be skillfuller."

"More skillful? No, I don't believe any body could be."

That was such praise that it kept the old negress in good humor all the morning, and May might have ridden upon her head, and mashed her best turban after it without giving her offense.

"Don't cut away quite so much of them pertaters," said the frugal cook. "It's wicked to waste."

"Yes; I know. I'll peel the next thinner. What beauties they are! So long and pink!"

Grandmamma came into the kitchen at this moment. "What an industrious little girl!" she said.

"I'm helping Dorcas."

"That's right! You will learn to become a good housekeeper. What are you doing now?"

"Peeling potatoes; — see." And the child held up a long pink-eye that was ready for the steamer. Dorcas always steamed her potatoes rather than boil

them. "They're so much nicer and mealier," she said.

"I wonder what people did without this vegetable three or four hundred years ago?" said grandmamma.

May looked at her with big eyes.

"Hasn't every body always eaten potatoes?" she asked.

"Oh, no. In South America the potato grows wild, and from that country it has been introduced into other parts of the world. Sir Walter Raleigh found it in our Virginia, and carried it to England, where it was at first cultivated in gardens as a curiosity. You know what a pretty blossom it has?"

"Yes; and pretty little clusters of green seed-balls. Rob and the children and I play with them, and string them for necklaces."

"We plant the tubers rather than the seeds," said grandmamma, "because they

produce fruit at once, while it takes three years for the seed to bring forth tubers."

May knew well enough what grandmamma meant by tubers. "They are vegetable roots," she said to Dorcas; "such as this" (holding up a potato), "and onions, and artichokes, and tulips, and dahlias, and hyacinths, and such things; bulbs, you know."

"People did not learn to eat potatoes until long after they were first known," said grandmamma. "The French, particularly, had a great prejudice against them until the Revolution, when a scarcity of food forced them to live upon this root, and then they became fond of it. A gentleman in Ireland had a present of some potatoes, and that is the way they made their entrance into that country."

"The Irish live almost wholly on them, don't they grandmamma?"

"Pretty nearly. It is an easy vegetable

to cultivate, and yields a large increase, and is generally cheap and nutritious ; so that it is a real blessing to the poor as well as the rich. No table is complete without it. The Spaniards call it 'ba-ta-ta', 'of the earth,' and the French, 'pomme de terre,' 'apple of the earth,' or 'ground apple.' Come to think of it, the English have only eaten it for about two hundred years. It was not sold in their markets until a hundred and fifty years after its introduction to the country, so it is comparatively a new vegetable with them and with us."

Dorcas cut short the subject, by dropping the tubers into the steamer, and sending May to the dining-room to lay the cloth, while she herself had a little talk with her mistress concerning Tom.

"I'm worried about him," she said, hitching her waist almost to her armpits.

"I haven't heern a word yet. I'm afeerd

them icebergs has got hold on him. His capting promised to write. Tom's all I've got in this world, and what should I do!—what should I do"——

Dorcas didn't finish her sentence, but broke down entirely, and hid her face in her checked apron to have a good cry.

"He's in the hand of the Lord," said grandmamma. "It's a mighty and a tender hand, and it has always led Tom safely home to us, has it not?"

"So it has," said Dorcas, brightening up at the thought, and beaming out from behind her apron. "I won't think nothin' more on it, but 'll leave him in that hand, bless it! It always has fetched him home safe; that's true."

"Who is that? Tom?" said May; catching the last sentence. "Oh, he'll be here in October, when the frost begins to turn the leaves all sorts of beautiful colors, and the nuts shake from their shells

down to the ground. Only two months, Dorcas, and he'll come."

It was so like a sure prophecy that Dorcas was jubilant, and trod upon air the rest of the day. "Children sees so fur," she said.

CHAPTER XVI.

VISIT TO SALLY FAGAN.

MAY went to the door to watch for grandpapa. He was pretty certain to be at home by dinner-time, unless some urgent case kept him away; and there was not much severe illness just now.

"There he comes," she said, as Dorcas was dishing the peas and the "sparrar grass." "He likes his dinner piping hot."

Grandpapa called to her from the gate, where he had stopped. "Run, get this jug of milk," he said. "Aunt Anstis handed it to me as I drove by her house; and here are pats of butter, yellow as gold, and sweet as can be. I'll let Roan stand in

the harness and eat his hay outside the barn, for I must go to see little Sally Fagan after dinner. You may come with me, if you like."

"I should like it dearly, grandpapa," said May.

Grandmamma displayed the yellow pats with a pretty impress upon them. "Aunt Anstis is so thoughtful," she said. "She is always sending some good thing to her doctor."

"Doctors are the next best to ministers, an't they, grandmamma?" asked May.

"If they are Christian men, they are almost ministers to the souls as well as to the bodies of their patients, and so do as much as clergymen," said grandmamma. "Doctors gain much love; your grandfather especially."

"I'm glad my father's a minister," said May, decided in her own mind that there

was a glory in that profession that nothing else could give; "but if not, I should like him to be a doctor."

She almost came to the conclusion that doctors were quite equal to clergymen, as she noticed grandpapa's tenderness at the sick beds, after dinner. He lifted old Mr. Ray in his arms as if he were a baby, and gave him his cough-mixture, and put the pillows easier under his head, and wiped the moisture very gently from his brow, and fanned him, and said cheering words to him. There was only one thing grandpapa had lacked, and that was the Gospel message, which every physician ought to be able to speak to the sick. This he had not received into his own soul, and so could not impart it to others.

Sally Fagan had been meddling with the swamp sumach, or "dog-wood," and she had a high fever, with great, red blotches on her skin, which were very un-

comfortable. The poor girl tossed upon her bed in agony, but the doctor gave her a soothing ointment which soon allayed the irritation.

"You must never touch strange plants, or berries, or blossoms," said grandpapa to May, as they left the poisoned girl.

"I've handled sumach many a time," said May, "and it never poisoned me."

"That's another sort," said grandpapa. "There are several varieties. There is a kind in the countries about the Mediterranean, the branches of which were dried and powdered, and used by the ancients in tanning leather. In Spain and Italy they prepare the black morocco with this plant. The roots contain a brown, and the bark a yellow dye. The seeds are used before meals to provoke an appetite. Physicians prescribe both leaves and seeds in medicine as an astringent and styptic."

"What's that?" asked May.

"I forgot that I am not talking to my fellow-doctors. Astringent means to draw together, or to bind; and styptic means the same thing, only more so. Styptic is *very* astringent."

"That isn't my kind of sumach, is it?"

"Not exactly, though yours has the same properties. Yours grows in rocky places, and by the roadside, and has seeds like tiny balls of crimson velvet, very close together. They cultivate it in the European gardens as an ornament. The leaves turn the same beautiful color as the berries, before they fall off in the autumn, and make the woods seem on fire as the sun streams upon them."

"I know; I've often seen it," said May.

"The berries dye red," said grandpapa; "and the branches, mixed with the berries, afford a black, inky tincture. There is also another species on the Alleghany

mountains, and in the Western States, with hairy, red berries. It is a low shrub. The Japanese have a kind that furnishes their varnish. This oozes from the wounded tree, and grows black and thick when exposed to the air. It is beautifully transparent or clear, and shows every vein of the wood upon which it is put. The Japanese use it for almost every thing; even their tea-cups, and soup-dishes, as well as the woodwork of their houses and their furniture."

"How much you know, grandpapa!" said May. "I hope I shall know half as much, when I come to be as old as you are;—*If* I come to be as old, I mean."

"Why *if*, little daughter?"

"You know people die younger than I, sometimes, and nobody is sure of to-morrow, mamma says."

"Do you always think of that?"

"Not always, excepting when I go with

you among sick people; then I always remember."

"It doesn't make you unhappy?"

"Oh no; why should it? I don't believe any thing ever could make me very unhappy, grandpapa. Mamma says I was born under a rainbow, and shall see it all my life. I s'pose she means because I am such a hopeful little girl."

"That's the best spirit to have. I am glad God has given it to you; it is better than gold."

"So mamma says. And she says too, that people can cultivate it by trying always to look at the brightest side of things."

"There's a good deal of truth in that," said the doctor. "Folks often make their own misery."

Roan stopped at a cottage by the road-side.

"He seems to know where to go, as well as you do, grandpapa," said May.

"Yes; he's been here very often lately. The baby's quite sick, poor little thing!"

The mother sat on the doorstep, holding the child on a pillow.

"It can't seem to get a breath indoors, doctor," she said. "Upon the whole, I think it seems a trifle better to-day than yesterday; but it's slow work, sometimes. I'm afraid it can't possibly get well."

"All things are possible."

Grandpapa said that, and May added, "with God," so that the woman heard it, and looked up at her with a quick, glad glance.

"That is my only hope," she said. "I know he can raise him up; and I pray to him to bless the use of the medicine."

The baby turned such a languid gaze toward May. Its little arms hung helpless by its side, and it had scarcely any flesh on its bones. It made May sorrowful to see it, and she knelt down and kissed it

softly, while a tear dropped from her eye upon its forehead; but grandpapa saw a marked improvement. "The child is better," he said, "We shall have it sprightly again in a week or two."

"Please God!" said the mother, earnestly.

All these things were sermons to the doctor, though the preachers, May and the woman, and the sick people, did not know it. He was thinking over, and revolving in his mind, the faith and the patience and the trust that met him here and there as good angels in his pathway; and these were teaching him, and leading him gradually to a like trust and patience and faith.

Grandmamma's time of gladness was coming, and the hour of May's joy.

CHAPTER XVII.

GRANDPAPA'S SICKNESS.

THE doctor's patients were in great trouble; for their good physician was himself sick, and old Roan stood idle in the stable, instead of trotting up to the well-known doors to leave his master and the medicine chest, or saddle-bags. The squirrels sat upon the stone-walls, watching in vain for the speckled horse, and wondering what in the world had become of him, and how long it would be before they would have a chance to flourish their bushy tails in honor of the dear old man who brought blessing and healing and joy, along with him.

Every thing on the roadside seemed to miss the clattering hoofs, and the rumbling

wheels, and the voices of grandpapa and little May, that had so often broken the stillness. The trees stretched themselves over the fences to look up and down the road, and there was such a sighing among the leaves, as if they were moaning to each other, "What can the matter be?" The sick people tossed upon their beds, and thought there was little chance for them if the old doctor was to be taken away.

But God did not mean to remove him yet from his work on earth. He only intended to teach him that he was mortal, and that he must prepare to meet his hour of departure.

What thoughts grandpapa had on his bed, as he hovered between life and death, nobody knew; for he was silent on that point. Grandmama and May hung over his pillow, and gave tender and earnest prayers to God for the precious soul that it cost so much to redeem.

Mr. Parsons came often and sat by the bed-side, and talked and prayed with the sick man, and read short messages of entreaty from the Lord. "My son, give me thine heart." "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Repent and be baptized." "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ." "The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin." "Cease to do evil, and learn to do good." "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life."

The minister did not know how these things would be received; but one day as he sat writing in his study, he heard a slight tap at the door.

"Come in," said he, and the latch lifted and little May stood before him.

She loved the good clergyman very much. He had come to take the place of

her own father, whose health would not allow him to preach any more. He held out his hand to her as she came with a glad step to him.

"Grandpapa wants you. He has asked for you; please come," she said.

"Thank God! he is better then, and understands fully what he is about!"

"Oh yes. He sat up for a half-hour this morning, and looks so bright, I think he'll get well now. I am glad for the sick people! They love him so."

"I'll go with you at once, little daughter," said the good man, wiping his pen and getting his hat.

May was very proud to walk up the street holding his hand; and not only proud, but happy. She felt the sweetness of the holy influence that must flow from the presence of the truly righteous. The little children every where spoke reverently to him, and every body's face

wore a smile of pleasure, as they received and returned his greeting.

"That man's as nigh like the Master, as well could be," said Mr. Holwell, looking after him from the door of his smithy with a red-hot iron in his hand.

Grandpapa's face brightened as the minister entered his room. "I'm glad to see you," he said.

May staid outside with her grandmother. She knew that she would be called, if wanted.

It was the doctor's way to approach a subject at once, after thinking it over until his own mind was settled about it; and Mr. Parsons knew that the Word of Life, spoken from time to time when the sick man had lain silent, had been doing its work in his soul. He knew this the moment the doctor said, "I have sent for you to ask what I must do to be a Christian?"

"'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved,'" said the minister. "This faith implies sorrow for sin and repentance of it, and an affectionate acceptence of Christ as our Saviour and Lord. This is what we must all do, if we would have his favor, and it is the reasonable duty of all."

"Yes, I know," said the doctor." I have been learning of many preachers, — my sick people, my good wife, little May, and the other children. It needed only this last preacher, my illness, to finish the lesson so that I can say it by heart."

"Are you ready, then, to accept these terms of salvation now?"

"Yes; with God's help I will. Pray for me that I may do it rightly."

The clergyman knelt and offered a fervent prayer, in which grandpapa joined heartily. When he arose, a sweet calm was apparent on the doctor's face, which

showed the dawn of peace within, that peace of God which passeth all understanding.

As soon as he was able to go out, grandpapa showed to the world his new hope by publicly uniting with the church. It was a joyful time not only to him, but to many of the people, who already loved him so much for his kindness to them in sickness, and who felt that he was bound to them by new ties of Christian affection. They felt now, more than ever, how true it was, as the minister had preached, that "the hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness."

It was a glad day when the doctor was able to go again among his patients. How many weary faces were brightened as they saw him once more! Even the old chaise seemed refreshed as he got into it; and Roan cut so many antics, that nobody would have supposed him to be the same

dull, old horse, but for the spotted coat that could not be cast off, and so betrayed him. He whisked his long tail, and pricked up his ears, and whinnied for very gladness; and he made such leaps over the road that the doctor's round of visits was ended ever so much sooner than usual, and he had time for a long rest in the afternoon, and a game of chess with grandmamma, and a walk to the hill, with May, and a nice, quiet talk.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE WALK TO THE HILL.

THE hill was a lovely green slope, not far away from the house, steep on one side, and covered with trees all over, and gently declining on the other side, until it reached the water. It was a spot that May loved above all others in the vicinity; it was so green, and shady, and still. In the spring-time the scent of violets perfumed the air, and the green grass was thickly studded with the blue flowers. Here and there bright May-pinks greeted the little children as they went in search of wild-flowers; and from some of the old trees swings were always hanging to invite the little villagers.

Grandpapa spread his silk handkerchief on the turf, and sat down with May beside him. He loved his grandchildren with more tenderness, if possible, than he did his own children when they were little. Old people renew their own childhood in their children's children, which accounts for the peculiar pleasure they have in their company.

Two little boys came up the slope from the water-side. They had been pulling ground-nuts. These are little bits of roots, that have a sweet flavor, and the tops are like narrow, tough, grass-blades. The children liked the nuts very much. The boys had rolled up their trousers to prevent their getting splashed with mud or water. They carried their shoes in their hands, and their stockings were left at home for holiday wear. Their faces were glowing with health and good-humor.

"How d'ye do, doctor?" said they, as

they saw who it was that was sitting under the trees. "Have some?" and they held out the only treasure they had to offer.

They were much pleased when grandpapa and May helped themselves. It is always the best way to take something of what little children present. It keeps them in the good habit of sharing with others. It is a miserable and selfish way of enjoyment to have any good alone. Whatever we get, we must divide with somebody, if we wish to know the very sweetness of it.

Sammy and James Ash had a smaller handful of ground-nuts, to be sure, but these were as nice again as they ate them in company with the doctor and May.

"How's that bump?" asked grandpapa, as Sammy sat down to put on his shoes. "No more climbing young saplings, when mother has forbidden, eh!"

Sammy looked up with a bright "No,

doctor; I shall never disobey my father and mother again, if I can help it. I got punished enough that time."

The doctor lifted Sammy's hair, and showed May a long scar near the temple.

"I thought that would finish the little fellow," said he. "'T was an ugly gash; but a good Providence saved him. We all get punished when we do wrong; but God is very merciful and loving, and often spares us when we deserve the utmost severity."

"Who's that, over yonder in the skiff?" asked May.

There was a narrow inlet from the bay, where the water was smooth and shallow, and a flat-bottomed boat was pulled up partly upon the shore; but one end was in the water, and as the tide was coming in, it seemed to be gradually getting the skiff afloat. A little child of three years old was on the seat playing with a small oar.

She could not lift it, though she was trying with all her little strength.

"'Tis Teeny's baby; we must go to her," said grandpapa. "I wonder what Teeny means by letting her stray away down here by the water. The little thing will be drowned by and by."

Teeny was an Irish woman, who lived in a small cottage up the road, and took in washing for her living. She had no wealth but this one baby and her husband, who was off with Tom at the fishing banks. The doctor had a sort of affection for her, as all doctors have for the little creatures that look at them with their first glance in this life.

"What are you doing here, little one?" asked he, as he and May reached the spot.

"Teeny do see papa," said the tiny specimen, with a far-away look over the water.

"Rather a dangerous experiment, going to Newfoundland in that boat, and with such a crew," said the doctor. "Suppose we change our mind, and go to see mamma?"

Teeny did not like to put aside her original plan. She was bent on the long voyage, and all May's and grandpapa's coaxing availed nothing, until the doctor diverted her mind by saying, — "I've got something in my pocket for you when we get home. Will you come?"

"Yet; me do."

"Well, get on the old horse," and he held out his cane, which Teeny mounted and rode up the hill.

Her mother had just missed her, and was running out of the gate with a most distressed air, when she met the little one astride the silver-headed horse, with the doctor leading the animal, and May walking beside it.

"How good you are, doctor!" said she.

"It is not very safe to let such a little thing wander down there out of your sight," returned the doctor. "Last week a child was drowned in that place. Whatever you do, Teeny, look well after your child. It is easier to keep her out of danger, and within the boundaries of home, than to bring her back when she has once wandered away."

Grandpapa spoke gravely. He meant more than appeared on the surface of his words. He knew how difficult a thing it is to retrace one's steps toward that dear Father, and that dear Home whence we all stray like lost sheep, every one wandering in his own way. He had been himself a long time and a long distance from this loving Parent and this beautiful Home and now that he had turned his face toward them again, he wanted every body who had not yet gone away to

be restrained from going; especially the little children, who are so near to the Father's heart.

"You have been very sick, doctor?" said Teeny, as she received her baby from his hands, and thanked him heartily for his kindness and care.

"Yes, nigh unto death; but I am all right now, thank God!"

Teeny had never heard the doctor speak so before. She could not see that he was changed in more senses than one. "All right now," meant a great deal to her. She told Mrs. Timmins, her neighbor across the road, after he had gone, that "the doctor was as nigh right *before*, as could be, a'most, but it was a blessed thing that he was *all right now!*"

"'All right,' means when we love God above all things, and do whatever we think will please him, isn't it, Grandpapa?"

"Yes, daughter."

"And we can please him in little things as well as in great ones?"

"I think so."

"Was that the reason why you took care of Teeny's little girl, and led her home to her mother?"

"Common humanity would lead one to rescue a little child from danger," said the doctor; "but there is a gospel rule for all such acts, too."

"The Golden Rule, you mean? 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.'"

"That is the rule for you and me," said grandpapa. "It will be a sure help in almost every difficulty. People always know what they would wish for themselves, and so can never be mistaken in regard to their duty to others."

"Grandmamma's watching for us," said May. "How bright and happy she looks!"

Grandpapa well knew the cause of this.

She had not said much about her joy at the great step he had taken. There was no need to say anything. He could read her soul in her face, and that is beautiful eloquence when one speaks to the dearest soul in all the world. It is the sort of eloquence that we shall have in the other life, I think, when we shall "know even as also we are known."

THE END.

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